

THE
HAPPY
HEARING

RUTGER BLEECKER
GREEN 

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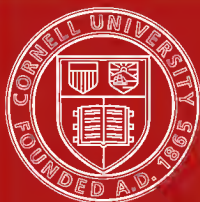
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The happy hearing.



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The Cook

Thanks!!

His Marks
Probably

The sterner six acknowledges with more than passing pride,
A package sent in two girls' names, with yellow-ribbon tied.
Which gift was not in proper mood, for, thinking, not of duty,
We scropped with vim for Huyler's best: then sat and thought awhile,
For what we found within that box has put us all at sea:
We never ate its like before; so sate below a plea.
The cook avers that never he put stuff like that to put,
The fishers hoped it might be bait, but found the fish bit not.
We have but these two simple tests for doubtful matter new.
It must be bait for bass; or else, it must for flippjacks do
A dismal failure. With the fish, we took the greatest care
In mixing up our batter; but, Ye Gods, we had a scare!
For, strange to say, your gift will plate like ours ceramic.
We had to throw our supper out, lest something might explode.
Oh do our plates' music soft some grievous scratch or hurt
To raise in minds to cramps untill we see the baneful thought of dirt.

Now that the two who sent that gift may come again some day
To show us N.E.D. and use thereof, the Camp does humbly pray.
Meanwhile these hang in solemn state, verily baited from a rope
Some stuff whose use we do not know though while we stay there's Soap

Witness Our Honors, Between Bites, 1878

The Fly Fishers

The

Fishers

for Fish

1878

His Marks

His Marks

THE
HAPPY HEARING

BY
RUTGER BLEECKER GREEN.



F. TENNYSON NEELY,
PUBLISHER,
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THE HAPPY HEARING.

CHAPTER I.

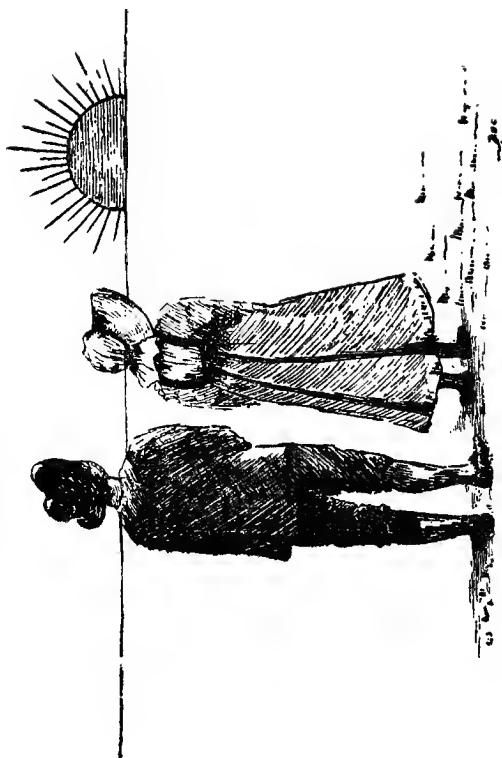
INTRODUCTORY BUT NOT APOLOGETIC, IN
WHICH WHAT MAY BE A GREAT DEFECT
IN YOUR CHARACTER IS POINTED OUT.

ONE of our philosophers recently embraced the opportunity to express himself on the subject of deafness in a way that was intended to give a crumb of comfort to those who are living a life which seems to him hardly worth living at all, so plainly do deaf people by their unsociability and eccentric ways show their exile from the world. This philanthropist, after an elaborate search

in the social pastimes of the day, has discovered that there are a few in which the deaf can share. Deafness is no great handicap in whist, and not very much of a one in billiards. He has also discovered that a deaf person can enjoy a conversation with one other person, but holds that "Old Nick" comes into the room with a third person. That is, conversation is forbidden a deaf person unless he can catch his victim alone.

Before our friend adds to our obligations by suggesting that it would be more sociable of the deaf to die young with the good, I would like to remind him of the things we can't do, the advice we can't get, the juries we can't serve on, the wars we can't go to, the burglars that can't wake us before breakfast time, and the lectures we can't understand





any more than he can, and without any of his laborious attempts.

And does "Old Nick" manifest himself as a third person only to the deaf? Has our philosopher never been interrupted in a long desired interview with a politician? Doesn't he know what it is to be *de trop*, or to play "Gooseberry?" The man must be an old bachelor, and in his second childhood at that. Why doesn't he admit that his dissatisfaction with us is based on our failure to listen rather than our failure to talk?

If I admit an appearance of unsociability on the part of many deaf people, will our philosopher admit that he has never thrown a pillow at any of our heads? I would like to hazard a guess that he is reserved; that he has learned in his scheme of living to keep his voice

down to an unemotional level and to control his features, so that, so far from giving us a clew to his speech, they even aid it in concealing his thoughts. It is his right in the world of strangers that this age of large cities is making for us, where friends, while more numerous than ever, appear only occasionally in the rush of those whose paths cross but once. But useful as reserve is there is about as much justice in complaining of our failure to be sociable under its auspices as was displayed by the wolf and stork in their fabled drinking match. Sooner or later, we deaf folk hope to work out a system of conventions that will be fair for everybody, but, meanwhile, we beg not to be given up as entirely unsociable. Some time, when there is no one at hand to be shocked,

let our philosopher throw the pillow at our heads and see whether we do not respond with as good an intent and aim as his own. But we might just as well be busts of our ancestors, so far as sociability is concerned, in a gathering where masked reserve is the order of the hour. Better afford a little fun than be a fossil.

As to our eccentric ways, our benefactor's position is about on a level with that of the well known old Scotchman who found all the world queer but himself and Betsy, his wife, and had intervals when he was not altogether certain about Betsy. Doesn't he know that the great advantage of deafness is the time it gives one for thought and reflection; and that this constant mental atmosphere is bound in time to raise a

deaf person above the level of the unprivileged? The greater the deafness, the deeper the thought. (No sarcasm please, as to the degree of deafness in my particular case. It certainly is not as great as it might be at times). Look at Edison, and think what a help his deafness must have been to him when he was thinking his way from this noisy world to the quiet one from which he brought us back so much.

In the course of civilized progress, man will learn to control his hearing just as he now does his other senses. We can shut our eyes when they are tired by the glare of artificial lights. We can hold our breath and avoid the odors of civilization. It is at our discretion whether to touch or taste or not. But to flats, felines and fishhorns only the deaf

have adapted themselves. "If there are none so blind as those who will not see," there may be none so deaf as those who hear too much.

This objectionable deafness is found in Mrs. Thumper, my landlady, who hears everything that is said to her and somewhat more. Her husband was greatly interested in a recent campaign for municipal reform in New York City, and was an ardent worker for Mr. Seth Low and the Citizens' Union. On the evening of election day, Thumper, after a hard day's work at the polls, hurried away from a hasty dinner to learn the results of the voting. He had evidently been resisting election weather according to the best known method of politicians, and as he left the table Mrs. Thumper, who is large and statuesque,

remarked: "Now, see here, George, you can hear all the election returns you like up to eleven o'clock, but I want to hear your return at half-past eleven, for that door chain will be fastened then and I am going to bed." Thumper warmly assured her of his intention to return as soon as he had made sure of the glorious victory for municipal reform, and departed. Remembering Mrs. Thumper's threat and fearing that the early returns announcing the defeat of Mr. Low and the downfall of municipal reform would send Thumper home much before half-past eleven, it seemed advisable to be in early that night myself, and as I am not to be waked at unseasonable hours, a fellow-boarder must be responsible for the account of Thumper's return.

This friend had come in about eleven and been asleep an hour or two, when he was aroused by a commotion and rushed out into the hall to find half a dozen boarders peering over the banisters at Mrs. Thumper, who was majestically descending the staircase, clad in her dressing gown and holding a lamp aloft to guide her downward steps. The front door bell was ringing violently and Thumper had not been seen since dinner time.

Just as Mrs. Thumper was in the middle of the last flight of steps there was a crash of the chain at the front door and somebody stumbled into the hall. Mrs. Thumper stopped, holding her light aloft and gazing sternly down at the intruder. There was silence for what seemed minutes, then the thickened voice of Thum-

per floated up. "Hic-hic-sho help me gracious! heresh the Statue of Liberty going for Tammany too. Itsh too bad."

There was muffled laughter above, but in Mrs. Thumper's neighborhood an increased silence, which finally broke into "George Thumper, what is this noise I hear?" Silence, then Thumper spoke:

"Hic, hic - Low - Reform-busted-Tammany carrish everything."

To those above there was no possible chance to misunderstand this reply, but Mrs. Thumper, betrayed by her defective hearing, retorted in her most scathing tone: "Chloroform busted, did it, George Thumper? Well (sniffing audibly), if something else had busted too, it would have done but little harm! You come to bed before you have to be carried by Tammany too."

But before you attempt to clog your hearing with cotton batting or go to war to break your ear drums, let me read you a few notes. Remember that we few who are groping our way to a higher civilization do not wish to be overwhelmed by the rush of mere bonanza seekers. The paths of reformers are narrow and rough and our motives are always misconstrued by conservatives, so that we do not wish you even to try to join us, unless you are accustomed to being accused of such crimes as that of always hearing the dinner bell and never hearing the church bell; an accusation which is frequently brought by those who have never taken time to realize that our appetite is always punctual, whether their dinner is on time or not. We who have time to reflect, know that

Nature warns us when to prepare for dinner, just as it warns others when they need to go to church. Bells are superfluous in both cases. But as the unreflecting majority cannot be expected to attain to this plane of thought immediately, we must prepare to be misunderstood for a long time yet. We must knock on the door of the Fates, knowing that there are two courses open to us, either one of which may give offense. One is to keep knocking until the Fates are obliged to interrupt their work and open the door. The other is to boldly open the door without knowing whether we have been kindly asked to come in or impatiently bidden to wait. We are as dependent as you are on the courtesy of the Fates, and must remain so until they take to spinning behind glass doors.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEED OF A CULTIVATED HEARING IS
FELT.

OF the days when I knew nothing of the differences of deafness, only imagination and surviving neighbors can give suggestions; but evidence is lacking to prove that an inability to hear oneself saying "Goo-goo" for the first time, casts any permanent gloom over those early days. Such testimony as is to be had would seem to indicate that any tendency to despondency is more than overcome by the relief of not hearing either one's own expressions on the

subject of teething or the comments of unwilling auditors. From occasional observations of teething children, it seems more than likely that the sensation of pleasure in one's own oratory has not developed at that age; certainly not according to the theories of Delsarte as to facial expressions. So we may let that period pass. Little pitchers need not necessarily have big ears.

Neither does there seem to be anything in deafness that interferes with the joys of early boyhood. I could tie a tin can on a dog's tail or find the first green apples of the season at as early an age and as easily as any other boy; and as for society, there were always boys on the back street who could be relied upon to respond to a snowball or stone well aimed from our back fence. There is a

great field for the devotee of sociology and child study in the small boy, and his back fence, and his hereditary instinct to throw stones in order to get on a sociable basis with a strange boy. Is the craving for the back fence and those on the other side of it a trace of the nomadic spirit of our prehistoric ancestors, or the first outcropping of a modern democratic spirit? Is the instinctive knowledge of the social value of the accurately aimed stone a survival of coconut communications in the treetops, or merely the budding spirit of modern diplomacy? Let those who can answer these questions, but if there is any girl who is worried to know why it is that her small brother has four friends where she has one, let her consider the back fence. A boy may forget the fellow who

sat next to him in Sunday school, but not the friend won in a back fence battle. When one boy hits another in the ear with a snowball each is vested thereby with a certain proprietary interest in the other that it is perfectly proper to boast of in case either party distinguishes himself at a later day.

As memory serves, the first hints of the advantages accruing from a controlled auditory nerve, came when it was decided that I need not begin school with my mates. The kindergarten being just across the way, I was allowed to attend recesses and join the children when they played in the big yard; but when the bell rang to summon the others to the discipline of the schoolroom, I was left free for thought or other diversions until the noon hour set everybody free.

It was not a bad arrangement, and I trust that my punctuality and regularity in attending recesses set a good example to the regular pupils.

With recesses, afternoons, the back fence and thinking, life was worth living for awhile; but even the deaf must expect trouble, it seems. Mine began with the Ladies' Missionary Society and hearing too much. The missionary society met Friday afternoons, and, as they were a cheerful body, I had obtained permission to be taken along; the supposition of my elders probably being that a little pitcher with big ears was unobjectionable, inasmuch as the ears were only handles and did not connect with the interior of the pitcher. With a good supply of illustrated books, I was kept quiet in a corner where I could see

the joking which quite frequently interrupted the routine of thimbles, thread and talk. Not being able to read, it made the pictures last longer for me to fit stories to them as I turned the leaves over, and a preference for funny stories led to an absent-minded habit of smiling.

On this fatal afternoon it happened that the subject of the discussion was, "The Clothing of The Heathen." There was a guest present, an old lady whose hearing was under commendable control. When the regular discussion was over, the chairman of the meeting, raising her voice, said politely to the guest: "Would you not like to add something to our discussion?"

"What is it you are talking about?" inquired the guest a little confusedly.

"The Clothing of The Heathen——"

“The clothing of the heathen? Why — why — I did not know they wore any——”

This reply upset the gravity of the meeting for a few moments and even when order had been restored, the gayer spirits went on having small jokes among themselves in that suppressed but painfully distinct tone of voice that is too often adopted by those who have something to say which they wish very much to have heard, but only by the immediate circle addressed. As it is hard for even the best of us deaf folk not to hear people talking in this key, I had enjoyed it all after my attention had been attracted by the chairman’s conversation with the deaf lady, and when order had been restored, went on fitting the funny stories to the pictures in my books.

Thus it happened that just as I was in the middle of a good, thorough, absent-minded smile, one of the ladies swooped down on me with a "Tommy—you didn't hear all that?" (Accent on the "you" strong and beseeching.)

At present, when one's ears are liable to be boxed on the flimsiest circumstantial evidence, or even as an alleged general precautionary measure, I have to be unblushingly firm in having heard nothing at all over that high-tension wire. A deaf person is allowably absent-minded; that is, he has learned to think on pleasanter subjects than those his neighbors imagine he ought to be thinking about; and the mere fact that I am caught smiling just when the bald spot on the new minister's head is being very informally considered by the female vestry, is not

proof positive that I have been guilty of our cardinal sin, hearing too much.

But at the time of the missionary society my reputation for veracity was still to be established, and I replied: "Yes, and if Daniel in the lion's den had only had the old surplice you said your minister sent to the savages for a nightgown, he might have gone to bed with the lions and slept all night." I was resigned from the missionary society. With the closing of the missionary field and the untimely end of what might have been a long and honorable career of philanthropy, came the necessity of finding a new field for my activities on Friday afternoons. This was soon found in a dancing school that had lately been opened for the instruction of the children of the neighborhood by Monsieur

Beaulegs. There were whispers of convivialities on monsieur's part, but as a rule he was a depressed-looking little man who inspired me with anything but the spirit of gayety. Everything about him seemed to droop, even the cigarette which he habitually smoked drooped from his lips in front in symmetry with the droop of his cape from his shoulders behind. A family council having decided that dancing would afford a better field for my energies than the missionary society, I was duly enrolled among Monsieur Beaulegs' pupils.

Recollections of dancing-school days do not teem with the great advantages that deafness should give. The other children had not attained to my advanced ideas, and the girls always seemed to have a sudden fit of fatigue when I was

in search of a partner. Monsieur complained that I had no comprehension of time or tune and did not enter into the spirit of the thing. This was somewhat unjust of monsieur. General Grant in the latter part of his life is said to have claimed that he knew but two tunes. One was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't. This shows what a man of the general's type can do in a lifetime, when circumstances are favorable. Just imagine what facilities he must have had for studying those two tunes during his career in the army and his trip around the world!

It is true, perhaps, that when Monsieur Beaulegs took me in charge, I had not attained to the musical standard that General Grant had when he felt it necessary to make another of his brief,

pithy announcements of brilliant victory over a stubborn enemy; and it is undoubtedly true that I never understood how the other boys knew when to grab a tall, slim girl and go whirling round the room, and when to grab any sort of girl and stand stiffly in a group. But so far from having no comprehension whatever of tune, I could have told the difference between a tune and a tin pan every time (If there was any. Monsieur's piano was uncertain); and as for time, the big clock hung in plain sight at the end of the room and there was no minute in the long two-hour session when I did not know just how long it would be before we would be dismissed, and it would be possible to get a shot with a snowball at the boy who danced so well and so often with Tulipene

Ennis, the one girl who seemed to have any sympathy with my advanced comprehension of time and tune.

As for not entering into the spirit of the thing, as monsieur delicately put it, he was nearer right there. There was something that was more than classic in monsieur's skill in blending the terpsichorean spirit with those alcoholic. I entered into an atmosphere redolent with some spirit quite often when he took me off into the corner of the hall and doubled himself over me in an attempt to correct my faulty steps. But often as I entered into this spirit there seemed to be no reciprocity on the part of the spirit of dancing and the term ended with me still the dunce of the class.

My cousin consoled me for my lack of success as a dancer by relating his expe-

rience with a dancing-master. It seems that my cousin at the close of a series of lessons to which he had devoted great energy, was called aside by his instructor, who inquired whether he intended to devote much of his time to dancing. "Certainly," replied my cousin, "what else have I been learning for?"

"Well," whispered his instructor, "I am a poor man; here's a ten-dollar bill. Don't tell anybody who taught you to dance." My cousin never danced.

On the strength of this story, I obtained twenty-five cents from Monsieur Beaulegs, who claimed that that story was ruining him. It was not as much as my lack of grace as a dancer might have justified monsieur in expending, but I did not know that then, and so have never exposed him until now that

he has retired, and, more cheerful than of old, turns up occasionally on bright mornings to inquire whether I am still getting quarters for my stories.

CHAPTER III.

AT SCHOOL—LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF A
NEW SYSTEM.

WHEN it was announced that school-days were to begin, it was small joy the news brought me. The memory of Monsieur Beaulegs was still strong and so far as I knew school was dancing. Not until the second week at school had passed without any pianos being played did the clouds of apprehension dissolve and encourage me to study the situation with a view to developing my advantages.

Mr. Adam, our teacher, in the good-

ness of his heart, put me in a front seat right under his nose, where it would be easier to hear what he said. That seemed reasonable at first, but it soon became evident that there were more desirable seats. The front seats in the schoolroom were a sort of Botany Bay, where sooner or later the dunces and unruly spirits were gathered. These latter were uncertain neighbors at all times and particularly so when quiet information was wanted on some point not made clear by Mr. Adam. Besides, I had done nothing to deserve a seat on the benches of disgrace except on the occasion of Mr. Goodman's visit, and that was due to my being in a front seat. Mr. Goodman was an official whose duties made it necessary for him to visit the different schools, and incidentally

gave him the opportunity to give advice to the pupils. On the day he was to visit us, he was detained, but sent word that he would arrive about the time of dismissal and hoped it would not be inconvenient to detain the children a few moments. When the hour of dismissal came, Mr. Adam made a short explanation to the school, saying that he knew such good children as we were would not mind waiting a few minutes to hear the valuable advice that such a fine man as Mr. Goodman would have for us and, as it might be some minutes before Mr. Goodman's arrival we would be allowed to talk and play. With that he tapped his bell as a signal for the relaxation of discipline. It so happened that I did not hear this explanation, and, supposing that the tap of the bell was the usual

dismissal signal, bolted with all the expedition that a prospective base-ball game requires.

The difficulty that I had next day in convincing Mr. Adam that my departure had been entirely without disrespect to himself or to Mr. Goodman settled any doubts that I may have had as to the danger of front seats. A little study showed that the proper place was in one of the seats of honor in the back of the room among the older boys. From there it would be possible to see everything that was going on and to obtain quiet information from others, when there were variations in the daily routine. Mr. Adam could not view the situation in this light, even after it was explained to him that a back seat, giving a full view of everything that was going on, was a

far more reliable guide than a front seat where a little, perhaps, might be heard but not enough to be relied upon.

But a few more awkward mistakes, due, of course, to unavoidable misunderstanding of his orders, and an unfortunate necessity of making him repeat to me most of his commands to the class, soon impressed him with a better idea of the power of deafness, and it was not long before I found myself esconced in a good seat in the back part of the room and next to one of the quieter boys, to whom I could apply for information when anything unusual was occurring. Mr. Adam has since remarked: "Boys are such pests."

After that everything was plain sailing, concentrating oneself on the lessons was so much easier for me than for

my mates, whose attention was distracted by every slight sound, that it was comparatively easy to keep up with the lessons. The privilege of communicating with my seat-mate aroused occasional differences of opinion between Mr. Adam and ourselves as to what information was absolutely necessary and how it could be best transmitted. A very good working basis was soon established, however, by our agreeing not to call each other up, by pulling hair or kicking shins, and also not to illustrate written communications with doubtful likenesses of Mr. Adam or our fellow-pupils. Mr. Adam, in turn agreeing that communications that did not disturb him or attract the attention of the other scholars were necessary and proper, unless proved to be otherwise.

Some of my spare time was taken up during my last year at school by the free-and-easy duties of an assistant editorship on the staff of the "June Bug," a periodical that appeared when you were least expecting it, met with an uncertain reception, and generally blundered into the glaring light of criticism. The "June Bug" was designed to fill a long-felt want in juvenile literature and had a strong feature in its "Birthday Column." Perhaps you remember what a delicate problem it was to remind your relatives that your birthday was coming without giving a hint so strong that your big brothers and sisters would laugh. Somehow or other, the fact that you needed a doll or a base-ball bat would force itself into the conversation, in spite of your primary intent to casually

mention a matter of family interest that would divert conversation from the wearying weather. The "June Bug" avoided this difficulty by publishing birthday notices.

"Tuckle, Cheeryby, 399 Sunset Avenue. Cheeryby will have a birthday on April 10th and needs a bicycle. His bathing suit is too small and he would like to have a copy of 'Red Bill, the Boy Bugler,' 'The Ladies' Delight,' 'The Morning Times,' and Albany, Philadelphia and Yonkers papers please copy."

"Ennis, Tulipene, 498 Columbus Place. Her next birthday will be on April 27th. Tulipene prefers candied fruit to marshmallows, has thirty-seven souvenir spoons and no bicycle and has started a savings bank account. No flowers, please."

Tulipene advertised in one of the later issues. She was more diplomatic than Cheeryby and had discovered that the "June Bug's" exchanges could not be relied upon to reach out-of-town uncles and aunts. Drawing on her savings bank account for a quarter, she sent it to us with a selected list of relatives to whom marked copies were sent. This birthday column also saved untold thought and ink after the birthday, for Cheeryby instead of writing letters of thanks, sent us this notice for a single insertion and one marked copy.

"Cheeryby Tuckle's relatives are bricks, especially Uncle Dick. Cheeryby can coast down Hurricane Hill with his feet over the handle bars already, and has got five bathing suits and a copy of 'Red Bill' to trade for a cyclometer."

What Tulipene did after her birthday has been forgotten, but she thinks that her mother made her write individual letters of thanks, and there appeared sooner or later in the society news of one of our contemporaries this item:

“Miss Tulipene Ennis, the popular young heiress, having recovered from her recent attack of appendicitis, expects to devote the larger part of her vacation to bicycling. She will also endeavor to add to her collection of souvenir spoons which includes forty - five distinct kinds.”

Besides this “Birthday Column” the route of Barnum’s circus and Buffalo Bill’s “Wild West” were kept standing at the head of a column and we devoted much space to notes of the following tenor.

"A HEARTLESS PARENT.

"We understand that the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has been called to the case of a man in Texas who took his children to the circus and kept them there through the whole performance without giving them any peanuts or lemonade."

"As the tariff has raised the price of everything this year, parents of the most cultured circles are, without exception, allowing their children twenty-five cents more than they did last year for the Fourth of July, and fifteen cents more for circus money. Sunday school contributions, if anything, will be slightly lower than last year."

"Mademoiselle Traybon, our French teacher, had a custom of fining delin-

quents in learning or manners, five cents for ordinary offenses and ten for aggravated ones, keeping the offenders after school in addition. One unlucky young rascal found his woes made public in 'The June Bug.' "

"POLICE AND COURT NEWS.

"Justice Traybon presiding. C. Tuckle, disorderly conduct: five cents and fifteen minutes."

An occasional item in "hotel news" also crept in:

"Prominent arrivals: Charlie McEasy, one hour and thirty-seven minutes late; Ben Calkins, in charge of his mother; Tom Doolittle, just in time for recess."

We could not reject poetry, for its authors bought freely of their published verses; but we preferred contributions of

the vital, living kind, leaving the lessons
to be inferred by those who needed them.

“Cheeryby Tuckle’s away from home,
And while he has the chance
He’s learning to scratch a sulphur match
On the seat of his Sunday pants.”

“Vivacious young Tulipene Ennis
In the sun, with no hat on, played tennis.
Her nose is most healed, that is to say, peeled:
But Tulipene does not like tennis.”

“Jim Jones has a sister at Vassar
Who got to the head of her class, sir!
“When Jim said ‘That is funny,’
She replied ‘See here, sonny,
I don’t want none of your sass, sir.’ ”

“Freshman giddy—college widdy,
Hat-pin—frat-pin. Now its stiddy.”

“Mary had a little lamb,
Little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
But, oh, such hunks of pie,
It wasn’t very much of that
That Mary let go by!”

SNEEZER.

(Late of Chicago—Now reposing in an onion bed
relieved by a geranium.)

“Stranger—pray add to the sea, sir,
Of tears for our beautiful Sneezer;
As fine a bull-pup as ever chewed-up
A cat, or scratched for a flea, sir!

“Do, pray, with your tears now be free, sir,
O'er these onions all sacred to Sneezer;
For his cute little cranium beneath the gera-
nium
We never again are to see, sir!

“And some it seems really to please, sir,
'Cause their stuck-up old afternoon tea, sir,
Will never again be graced by a hen
Brought in from a neighbor's by Sneezer.

“He was watchful and wary, was Sneezer,
But Fate—how cruel it can be, sir!
Went and gave him distemper—He was *Fide-
lis Semper*;
But Fate merely stifled his sneeze, sir!”

We were cheerfully contemplating

prospective revenues from the "Birthday Column" of a Christmas number, when our harum-scarum business manager sold Mademoiselle Traybon fifteen cents' worth of advertising space in back numbers. The united editorial and business staff promptly returned the money to mademoiselle with an explanation that advertising space in back numbers had no more commercial value than last week's sunsets; but, good-natured always, she considered the joke on herself too good to keep, and confided it to Mr. Adam, who with a school-teacher's lack of appreciation of humor that tends to divert attention from study, seized the "June Bug" gently but firmly and dropped it out of the window of existence.

As a reward for their industry in get-

ting out five issues in three months, the seven associate editors and managers shared the ninety-seven cents net profits and retired to private life.

CHAPTER IV.

DEVELOPING A PASTIME.

“Bat! Bat! Come under my hat
And I’ll give you a piece of bacon,
And when I bake, I’ll give you a cake,
Unless I am mistaken.”

PROBABLY there have been others whose introduction to natural history was through the writings of Mother Goose. If so, I hope they had better success at bat-catching than I did, for after wasting a good deal of time and bacon under the direction of my nurse, I was forced to the conclusion that Mother Goose was not up-to-date, and my interest in natural history waned

until it was revived in the oatbin of a neighbor's barn.

This bin had a capacity for oats that was exceeded in the minds of the boys of the neighborhood only by the number of mice that swarmed in it at all hours of the day. Our amusement was in jumping into the bin suddenly and seeing how many mice we could catch to feed to the ducks in the barnyard. If you have ever laughed at a lot of hens fighting over a big worm, you may have an idea of how graceful a flock of ducks are when fighting for a mouse, which the winner has to gulp down whole, while waddling away from his pursuers. The bin was large enough to allow three or four boys to enter at once and, as we often surprised half a dozen or more mice, there would be lively times for a few minutes until

the mice were either safe in their holes or caught, when we would retire for a half-hour to give a fresh lot of mice a chance to enter the bin.

A great point was to catch a mouse alive in our hands and bring it out without yelling if it bit us, a move on the part of the mouse which we tried to prevent by shaking it well in the hollow of our closed palms. They did not really hurt when they did succeed in shutting their little teeth in the hard skin of our palms, but we preferred to take no chances.

Interest was added by a habit the mice had of burrowing in the oats and coming up to the surface unexpectedly, sometimes so near us as to lead them to run up under our coats and hide. They could not bite through our clothing, but that

did not lessen the excitement when a boy climbed out of the bin with a live mouse in his clasped hands and with the cheerful announcement that there was another mouse somewhere up his back. The bird in the hand had to be held fast while a companion thumped the boy's back to locate the bird in the bush. When it was located, the coat had to be suddenly thrown up and an attempt made to grab the intruder. It took a very cool boy to hold on to either mouse at this juncture and the *mêlée* usually ended with the escape of both mice to the hay on the barn floor.

When I reached the age at which boys take to that forked-stick-and-India-rubber-implement known as the slingshot, bats again received attention. Then, as they were always to be found in the

evenings, flying about the electric street lights in search of bugs, they made excellent targets for what the boys with slingshots were wont to term "wing-shooting" in imitation of their elders with their shotguns and clay pigeons. With their constant presence and uncertain flight, the bats furnished sport that was exciting and not at all deadly to themselves, and if anybody has ever found a better use to put bats to than we did in our wing-shooting I have yet to hear of him unless he is Father William, the elderly and rotund bachelor brother of Miss Primple, who keeps a girl's boarding school.

I suppose that the tendency of girls to believe that bats come into houses with the sole intent to get into their hair, dates from the time when we all lived in

caves and the bat was more prominent in domestic life than the moose. In those days, bats having to come in and out of the one entrance to the cave with the rest of us, probably did occasionally get into the locks of our ancestors and cause trouble. It has always been a mystery to me, though, why the young ladies of Miss Primple's school who never pay the slightest attention to the many bats that circle around them as they stroll about the school yard in the evening are thrown in a state of high excitement necessitating the calling out of Father William whenever any solitary blundering bat happens to stray into the house about bedtime. Father William, who takes his name from "Alice in Wonderland," retires to his room to read early in the evening and when "Bat!"

is shrieked is expected to arouse himself and expel the unfortunate bat from the storm - rocked house. This he usually does arrayed in tennis costume including the racquet, which he finds useful in whacking at the bat. The scene that follows Father William's appearance at the head of the stairs on the third floor, clad in battle array, can best be described by infringing somewhat upon the rights of the weather bureau in their description of the progress of a hurricane up the Atlantic coast.

Hurricane signals from cellar to garret.

Storm central on the staircase between the dormitories.

Small craft scudding to port in every direction and with rigging reefed. Larger craft either making for port

under full head of steam or poking their noses out of every harbor.

Area of extreme high pressure and heavy gales in the room of Mademoiselle Duprais, who wears a wig.

Cyclonic tendencies, also Father William, in the wake of the bat, with lulls preceding Miss Primple's movements.

The time the storm lasts depends somewhat upon the luck the bat has in finding an open window, and somewhat upon Father William, who at times is too sleepy to be accurate in his strokes, and again finds such good tennis practice in just missing the bat that he prolongs the game until Miss Primple insists upon accuracy and dispatch, whereupon the bat is pinned to the wall with the racquet, gathered in a handkerchief, and expelled from a window.

While it is not on record that any bat ever had the agility to get into the hair of any of Miss Primple's pupils, neither has it been recorded that any of the pupils ever believed that a bat ever came into the house with any intent other than to get into her particular locks. So it is in vain for Father William to protest against being aroused from an interesting chapter. Admitting that in days not long past bats that had evidently gotten into the house after everyone was asleep, have been found clinging peaceably to curtains or cornices instead of in a girl's hair, the girls argue: Is not this merely a further evidence of the uncertainty of bats, surpassing even their alleged coming into the house after bugs at the lamps, when bugs are far more plentiful at the street lamps? No, indeed!

Father William must come out; and gains nothing by delaying in the hope that the bat will find his way out; for a rigid inspection of the halls and corridors with the tennis racquet is the only thing that will quiet Miss Primple's startled flock.

Practice with the slingshot and trips with it to the woods soon made us acquainted with the taxidermist, who became our first real hero. There were some of us who felt that Kelly and Duffy, the professional ball-players, were great men; but there were other ball-players who often won from our favorites, while King, the taxidermist, had no rival. He was alone in his glory and exalted was the boy whose squirrel or chipmunk King had undertaken to stuff. Equipped as we were only with

slingshots, the capture of anything as tenacious of life as a squirrel was effected only after a protracted and heavy bombardment compared with which Dewey's affair at Manila seems casual, and King was the man who could worthily commemorate the event.

The planning of the campaign began at the end of the marble season in early April. As the interest in "migs" and "allies" abated, some one would suggest a hunting party, and then began a search for slingshot crotches. Among other shrubs, the lilac has a habit of forking symmetrically so as to make good crotches and it fared hard with our neighbors' lilac bushes; we confiscated a desirable branch with never a thought of the feelings of the owner of the shrub, or for the blossoms it might have borne.

A shrub was something that might have a good slingshot crotch in it.

With a good crotch secured, the next step was to get the elastic rubber bands. This involved an expenditure of five cents, or even ten if one was flush; although in hard times we could raid the kitchen for the rubber bands used on preserving jars. For ammunition, the wealthy bought shot for eight cents a pound. As the largest grade of buckshot we could use had over one hundred pellets to the pound and we fired but a single pellet at a shot, that was perhaps not extravagant; but most of us felt the need of something cheaper than shot and more reliable than pebbles, which, on account of their varying weight and shape, were unsuitable for accurate marksmanship

and not to be trusted in a crisis. This want was filled when some genius discovered in the refuse pile of an iron foundry a lot of iron slugs, that is, small disks of iron that had been punched out in the manufacture of riveted iron work. Boys who had acquaintances in the factories, got these slugs for nothing. Less favored ones sometimes paid as much as five cents a hundred, but twenty-five slugs for a cent was a more common retail rate that brought high-grade ammunition within the reach of those with merely moderate means.

The securing of slingshots and ammunition was a matter of weeks, so that it was not until the latter part of April or early in May, that some bright Saturday morning saw a party of ambitious hunt-

ers starting out with their pockets jammed with lunch and the numerous other possessions that seemed absolutely necessary for an all-day's trip to the suburbs. "The Valley," two miles south, and "Tamarack," a swamp a mile and a half east of the city, were favorite resorts, though there were some who preferred the woods northeast of the city. This latter region, being as much as three miles from town, was so little known and so extensive that those who went there fell under suspicion, being regarded as little better than "perfesh-unals," who would not hesitate to use a shotgun instead of a slingshot.

The hunting party was organized with fixed rules of etiquette. On sighting a bird or frog its capture was left to the one who saw it first, who could call for

assistance without forfeiting his right of ownership if a capture was finally made. But when large game was sighted, the whole party was immediately called in to aid in treeing the quarry. We so rarely caught a squirrel or chipmunk even after seeing it, that the one first to see it acquired no right thereby; the prize, if caught, going to the one who fired the lucky shot that brought it down.

Popular opinion often places the squirrel and chipmunk in the same family. There never was a greater mistake. A squirrel, when chased up a tree, escapes, if possible, by jumping to another tree and so on until he reaches the tree in which is his hole and harbor of refuge. When he is unlucky enough to get caught in an isolated tree, he

climbs to the topmast branches, stretches himself out flat on the upper side of one of these, and awaits the enemy's attack with the coolness of an intrenched veteran who knows his advantage and means to utilize it. Not so the chipmunk. When surprised and cut off from his hole in the ground, he runs up a tree only as a temporary resort, and is possessed with the idea that safety lies only in getting down again as soon as possible. Perhaps he sometimes starts up with every intention of going clear to the top, but he always weakens and turns about, head downward, nervously watching for a good chance to run down and get into his hole in the ground. He is nervous and fearful where the squirrel is cool and cunning.

Our bombardments of squirrels were

successful only when we happened to surprise them in small, isolated trees and were matters of hours. With a chipmunk, it was merely a matter of minutes.

Two boys with slingshots were detailed to shell him in his position up the tree, while the rest of the party found clubs and drummed on the trunk of the tree at the bottom. The effect of a few minutes of this attack is to get the chipmunk so nervous that he runs down the trunk until nearly in reach of the clubs, hesitates, runs up again and down again several times, and finally jumps to the ground and makes off through the underbrush to his hole. Strange to say, he generally reached the hole in safety, for we fell over each other so often in our excitement when we saw the chip-

munk preparing to jump that chance blows were all he had to fear.

If fortune finally went against the squirrel or chipmunk, our first question on getting hold of him was: "Is he mangled much?" for King was reputed to refuse to undertake the stuffing of too dilapidated specimens, and the main glory of the capture came in the triumphal processions to and from King's little house on the other side of the town. The hunting party was usually limited to three or four, but, if a prize was taken, anywhere from six to a dozen were needed to escort the triumphant one to King's, and no fewer to go down a week or two later and bring back the stuffed specimen and install it in the hero's bedroom.

What had happened to the specimens

that King had to decline on account of their poor condition is a mystery, for no earthquake ever produced harder looking specimens than some of those which King transformed into perfect and life-like specimens of natural history to adorn our rooms. The chipmunk's tail has not adapted itself to the needs of the small boy. It always comes off when grabbed with intent to detain its owner; but even when we forgot to bring the detached pieces of tail along, King was never at a loss. If we had saved all the pieces, so much the better, he could put them together no matter how many and mixed they were. If we had but a few inches from a chipmunk's tail, or had shot away too many feathers from a woodpecker's wing, he could either supply the missing parts from his inex-

haustible collections in the rear woodshed, or else pose the specimen so that you would never suspect that it had not its normal equipment of appendages, caudal or otherwise.

CHAPTER V.

AT COLLEGE—CONTINUAL SUCCESS OF THE
NEW SYSTEM AND UTTER FAILURE OF
AN ATTEMPT TO RETURN TO THE OLD.

WITH the desire of obtaining a college education, came an uncertainty as to how great an advantage a controlled hearing would prove under the lecture system which plays so important a part in higher institutions of learning. During the last year or two at school I had listened with an active personal interest to some of the college boys who returned during vacations to appal us with tales of the difficulties of lectures, so that it

was with rather a downhearted feeling that I found myself on the way to Cornell.

It looked difficult, this explaining to a professor that you meant to acquire an expert knowledge in his specialty, without hearing what he had to say on the subject. If his lectures were good, your case was so much the weaker, for you knew you ought to hear them, while, if they were poor, he might know it and be sensitive, and you would have to be all the more careful. It evidently would not do to expatiate too strongly on the unimportance of hearing his lectures, yet what else could you expatiate upon? The first word of encouragement came from a kind-hearted instructor in manual training who happened to be an inmate of the boarding house which was recom-

mended to me, in college style, as being not much worse than any of the others.

“Afraid you won’t be able to get along without hearing lectures, eh?” queried the old man in response to some remark of mine: “Nonsense; lecturing is only telling you how to do things and you can get that from the other boys or from books just as well as the professors themselves. Take my work now. When I have to start a new lot of boys in, I call them together and say: ‘Now, boys, if I was professor of higher cosmology, I would call this a lecture, but as I’m not, I’ll just call it a ‘gab.’ Then I go ahead and tell them what to do, reminding them at the end that if there’s anything that they don’t understand just to wait until I come along where they are working at the benches, and

we'll work it out together. Half of them don't even listen to my 'gab,' but give them a chance to think a little for themselves as they work at the bench, and they soon find out what's right and what's wrong and why it's right or wrong. And they don't forget it in five minutes, the way they do when they take somebody's word for it. You just pitch in and study things out for yourself and don't worry about lectures. Work's what counts."

Further encouragement came from Professor Franchot, who taught the modern languages, and to whom I had made an apologetic statement of my apprehensions, as he entered my name in his roll-book: "Eh, what is that, my boy? You can hear what I say directly to you very well? You can hear some-

thing, perhaps, of what I say to the class, but can hear nothing of what the class say to me? Ah, very well" (reflectively), be of good heart, my boy, 'Zare is mooch you will be spared.' "

Judging from subsequent studies of the professor's face as he interpreted the intended French of the freshmen of Cornell, there could be no doubt as to the "mooch." Professor Franchot was a man of the world and never showed any of the irritability of an overworked teacher, but it was a study in self-control to watch him as he merely remarked:

"Ah, M'sieur Tuckle, that is a singulaire leest of adjectœefs," when Cheeryby Tuckle by some trick of memory wrote on the blackboard the French nouns for flea, cabbage, and others

instead of a list of adjectives having the same termination in "ou."

Professor Worker, who taught comparative ethics, was not as encouraging. He evidently thought it hopeless for a deaf person to compete with those who had the advantage of hearing his lectures, and could only be persuaded that it was even worth attempting by a promise to read through a long list of references which he had on file. The shadow that he and his stack of references cast on my hopes was not overcome until I got halfway downtown, where I met Cheeryby Tuckle who, noticing my depression, inquired whether I had been "busted-out" yet.

When I had given him an outline of my experiences, he laughed, clapped me on the back, and said: "What, look up

old Worker's references? It would take you a lifetime. Don't you think of it. You come down to the Alpha Zeta Beta house. Comparative ethics is our specialty. We have got notes on everything Professor Worker has said, asked or thought in the last ten years. There's precious little of it that's worth knowing, in my opinion, but if you have got to pass his examinations they are just what you need."

So they proved; for if Professor Worker was an expert in the science of comparative ethics, it must be admitted that the members of the Alpha Zeta Beta fraternity were experts in the science of comparative ethics. Not that they were particularly interested in ethics as such, but they had been collecting notes on the professor's

lectures for ten years more or less, each successive graduate bequeathing a few notes to the Alpha Zeta Beta private library for the benefit of Alpha Zeta Beta posterity, and had, in the course of time discovered that Professor Worker had three different treatments of his subject which he used successively for three years and then began over again. Knowing this, they could predict his examination questions with a very fair degree of success and not much study, a very important consideration for men who needed a great deal of time for athletics and college politics and one which gave Professor Worker's classes a popularity which I am afraid he misinterpreted for a tribute to his genius.

Cheeryby's notes were a bonanza for me. Armed with these, I could read up

three of Professor Worker's lectures while my classmates were listening to one; and so had two extra hours each week for thinking and other college recreations.

Science pays; as Professor Worker who had a sound heart underneath his learning, gave me a high standing at the end of the term, perhaps feeling that unusual difficulties had been overcome even if the amount of knowledge acquired was not astonishing.

Professor De Gray's work in geographical astronomy was not as easy to manage as the work under Professor Worker had been. When the time came to enroll in his class, I armed myself with my record card showing the high standing Professor Worker had given me, and explained that it was desirable

to attend his lectures under the same system of reading a classmates notes. Professor De Gray took the card, looked it over critically, and then glancing over his spectacles, asked: "Did you get that high standing from Professor Worker without hearing any of his lectures?" Receiving an affirmative answer, he thought a minute and then turning to an associate said in that audible undertone: "See here, Helpums, this man has got a high standing from Professor Worker without ever hearing a word of his lectures. It's a good joke on Worker; but if we let him do that with us, they will be getting along without us professors altogether some day. We must look out for him." Turning again to me, he said: "You can certainly attend my lectures and will have no trouble in passing if you

study hard, but you will have to work very hard if you expect to get a high standing in geographical astronomy."

Taking the friendly twinkle in his eye for a challenge, I was led into an unmitigated attempt at backsliding from the new hearing. Geographical astronomy treats of the ways of the world according to higher mathematics, and is not an enthusing subject, for, uncertain as these are from financial and social standpoints, they are simplicity itself, compared to the eccentricities in Mother Earth's curves and movements that have been revealed by the telescope and triangle. To add to the difficulties of the subject, Professor De Gray's treatment of it varied from year to year and in no particular orbit that had been discovered, so that his examination questions could not be

predicted with the accuracy that made honors from Professor Worker so easy to attain.

Thus it was that it seemed worth while to take a front seat in the lecture room, in the hope that by getting used to the professor's voice, I would be able to hear him and get his lectures at first-hand, instead of depending on the condensed version in a classmate's notes. At the end of a week in a front seat, I could not see that I was gaining, so far as hearing the lectures was concerned, but I was encouraged by two other circumstances; first, that Professor De Gray seemed pleased at my show of interest in his lectures; and second, that while I could not as yet understand what the professor said, I was getting so that I could hear his watch tick several yards

away. In the belief that there must be some one seat where the acoustics of the room would allow the professor's voice to be heard as distinctly as his watch, I began a series of experiments, trying each day a different seat. By entering the lecture room a little ahead of time, it was not difficult to do this without attracting undue attention. Two weeks went by without my finding the right seat, but as the ticking seemed more distinct in front of the globe, I was still working in hope of final success, when one morning Professor De Gray, raising his voice, said: "Mr. B. our globe seems to have run down. Won't you wind it up for us?" At the same time he handed me a big clock key and pressed a spring in the globe that opened a small door in its side.

In a whirl of thought and disappointment, I wound up the clock and took my seat again. No wonder I had heard a ticking but had not heard the professor's voice. There was a clock in that globe whose tick, when the little door was opened, was as loud as the click of any grandfather's clock that ever dominated a hallway.

The next day's lecture saw me buried in notebooks in the rear part of the hall, half a dozen seats farther back than the most daring sophomore had ever dared to sit, and entirely out of range of the professor's voice. Professor De Gray confided to the class a guarded criticism of the iniquity of my loss of interest in his lectures, but did not, at the end of the course, include me among those to whom he sent official "encores," that is,

a summons to do work all over again—and a little better next time.

So the whole college course went, with an occasional professor a little doubtful at first lest controlled hearing might be the latest manifestation of undergraduate ingenuity to avoid study, but all so ready to make allowances for actual difficulties arising from and as yet imperfectly understood system of hearing, that it has often seemed a mystery how my classmates who had to hear everything ever managed to get their work all done. Most of them did, to their honor, and were as ready as the professors themselves to lend a helping hand.

CHAPTER VI.

THINKING AND OTHER COLLEGE RECREATIONS.

ON leaving the home circle, where one is accustomed to the voices and learns to know somewhat intuitively what is going on, and entering the foreign land of boarding houses, it was necessary to study out a few new conventions.

Menus were a trial, unless they were printed, for it was almost a hopeless task breaking in a waiter to inform one what was to be had without monopolizing the attention of the whole room for an uncertain length of time. The simplest way seemed to be to come to the table a little late and then see what the

others had ordered. When first or alone, one could make a blind shot at "Roast beef and vegetables," and "apple pie." Pronouncing "beef" and "apple" indistinctly would give a waiter of ordinary intelligence the hint to substitute some other roasted meat and a different pie when beef and apple pie were not to be had. It was not necessary to wait for him to inform one that there was no roast or pie of any kind. A distinct atmospheric chill, radiating from the waiter and affecting the whole room, would inform me that fish and pudding were the order of the day. In a great many boarding houses "pudding" was a safer order for dessert than apple pie; for two kinds of pudding at one meal were a very rare occurrence, while pie had innumerable combinations.

If one was not particular, it was convenient to come to the table with a friend, let him give his order first and then say: "Same for me." This practice called for great discrimination in selecting one's friends, however. When a *blasé* waiter comes to find out what Cheeryby Tuckle wishes for dessert, and rattles off in a frozen jumble: "Apple, lemon and mince pie, strawberries and ice cream and watermelon;" Cheeryby in a tone that eclipses even the waiter's for comprehensive and extended indifference, responds: "Yes, and some cheese and raisins and a cup of coffee, too, please. Got any cigarettes?"

In college athletics, requiring team work, a deaf person, unless exceptionally athletic, is handicapped by his necessity of acting on his own judgment at criti-

cal stages of the game. But there are places and ways in which he can be useful. A deaf umpire in a baseball match who understands his privileges and rights, can keep in perfect control the sort of ball players who depend more on their argumentative ability than their muscles. Let him hear no "kicks" whatever and the game progresses beautifully. I have sometimes thought that the playing rules ought to be amended so as to give the umpire a start when the game is over; say, of ten minutes in cities of culture and frequent trolley cars, and an hour in country towns; but have never had to insist upon it.

Again when our football or baseball team needed inspiration to gain a few yards or to make a base hit, and Cheery-by Tuckle, who led the organized cheer-

ing, thought his shouters were getting a bit winded, he would summon me to his side in front of the grand stand and then address the audience: "Fellows, here's one of the boys who is a little hard of hearing and who has come to ask me why it is that he has not heard anybody giving down the yell for the team this afternoon. Won't you oblige the poor chap by giving a yell that he can hear and will hear until the big game next week."

next week." I can hear those yells yet.

Just how my most numerous troubles of college days began I do not know. Mrs. Brown, who goes out of town for the summer, invited me to stay in her house while she was away, preferring, she said, to have a quiet young man in it rather than to shut it up. Her instructions on de-

parting were explicit if not voluminous. "Don't muss things up and be sure to put the cat out at night."

Everything went well for about a month; then Mrs. Gray, at whose home across the street I reported three times a day for meals, complained that I was getting absent-minded and unsociable and looked worried. Mr. Gray, who came over to see me at her instigation, went back and reported that I was probably lonely, living by myself in Mrs. Brown's big house, but was evidently too proud to say so; for, although I scratched my head and looked contemplative at times, I did not press him to stay or ask him to come again. That was about as near to the truth as Gray ever gets. It was anything but loneliness, however true the rest of his report may have been!

On looking the subject up in a household encyclopædia, I found that they were common in warm countries and often appeared in colder ones when houses are not carefully swept, or where pet animals are kept. Sweeping and scrubbing were suggested as remedies; but they were hardly the remedies a man cares to use.

While pondering and still scratching at large over the problem, there began to appear in the daily papers hints regarding the unusual number of passengers being carried free in street cars and other public conveyances. Then came a description of mysterious rites said to have been found effectual against an invading and evading army in a suburb. The inhabitants of this suburb were said to be parading through their houses

every morning, clad in their bathing suits with leggings of sticky fly-paper, sticky side out. The enemy, it was claimed, would not jump for a dark-colored bathing-suit, but would jump for the light-colored fly-paper; landing on which they would remain much longer than Artemus Ward found them in the habit of doing when he made that remark about putting "his finger where it recently was." A little sulphur burned at the same time was said to aid in rousing the enemy and keeping them on the jump.

This plan looked feasible, for my particular section of the enemy seemed to be a light brigade of high jumpers who would not require any sulphur or artificial stimulus to their activities, while if Mrs. Brown should return and find them

in possession of the home she had intrusted to me, I would never hear the last of it.

It is an engrossing occupation for a man not especially bow-legged, this parading past plush furniture with cylinders of sticky fly-paper below his knees, but as luck was good for half an hour each morning, it seemed worth the while, even though Mrs. Brown's ancestral portraits did assume expressions I had never noticed before. At the end of a week, though, the fly-paper seemed to be losing its charms, and I bought some sulphur to stir up my few remaining troubles and get rid of them at once and forever. The small lump of sulphur that I got on fire next morning after a considerable expenditure of paper and matches, did not seem very effective in

stirring anything up except my temper ; so I added the rest of my purchase and at length had a first-class smudge. This seemed to have the desired effect and I was parading the house at a quickstep to cover as much ground as possible, when there was a crash at the front door and three fireman came running up the front stairs.

“Where is the fire?” they asked excitedly.

“What fire?”

“Why, those people across the street say that smoke has been pouring out of your windows for half an hour, and they have been ringing your door bell without being able to wake you up.”

It required considerable diplomacy and other things to convince them that mosquitoes had become very thick in the

house and that the fire could be reported as a false alarm.

The invaders disappeared in a few days under moderate doses of sulphur, but a friend who has been similarly troubled has recommended me to read an extract from a little work on natural history entitled "A System of Natural History Adapted for the Instruction of Youth," which was written by Professor Raff of Göttingen in such an up-to-date style, that it was translated into English and printed for G. Mudie and son, in Glasgow, in 1796. The particular extract I will quote is Professor Raff's description of the way the fox used to catch lobsters a century ago. As there seems no possible application of the fox's method to anything as large as Mrs. Brown's stately mansion, it must be

that my friend has merely heard in an indefinite way of my general interest in natural history.

To quote Professor Raff: "In reality it would make a large volume if we were to detail all the artifices of the fox, so we shall begin with the way he takes to get rid of fleas at once, without the trouble of seeking them out with his muzzle or his feet. When he finds himself too much harassed by fleas, he takes a little tuft of dry moss in his mouth and goes to the water, into which he enters backwards, only dipping at first the tip of his tail into the water. The fleas upon it retire to the dry part and the fox dips by degrees the rest of his tail into the water so that the fleas retire from thence toward his head. He continues to advance into the water back-

ward and the fleas all come together at the extremity of his muzzle, whence they soon pass into the tuft of moss which the fox holds in his fore teeth. At last, when immersed in water to the extremity of the nose and when he feels all the fleas in the moss, he quits at once the tuft of moss and goes off, leaving the fleas in the water. Is not that ingenious?

“Thus it has been found useful to imitate him when we have a dog that is plagued by fleas which we wish to rid him of; we put a sponge in his mouth and put him into the water in the same way, backward and slowly, till the fleas have all got into the sponge, which is then left in the water.

“As it would frequently happen that the fox would perform this operation in some river where there were lobsters,

these would catch his tail with their claws, so that on coming out, he would frequently bring out numbers of them which he would go to crack in some corner; he would afterward return to dip his tail in the water among the stones where the lobsters lie, and wait till it was well loaded again when he would withdraw it and feast himself anew."

Equally instructive to the youth of Germany in the last century must have been Professor Raff's account of the fox's doings in those days when he ran across a beehive. It seems "he is particularly fond of grapes and honey, thus he lays waste beehives when he can and goes in quest of honey to nests of wasps and hornets. It is vain for these animals that make honey to make him feel their stings, on all sides and even where his

skin is tenderest, for nothing discourages him. When completely covered with them, he goes and rolls himself on the ground and rubs himself against trees and bushes, and soon he has them all crushed and eaten. Then he returns to the charge, advancing backward, pokes his tail into the hole of the hive or wasp-nest till it is well loaded with these animals and then goes again and beats it against trees and stones, constantly eating the animals as they fall down dead. He repeats this operation so frequently that at last he depopulates the hive entirely and then eats the honey, comb and all."

CHAPTER VII.

GETTING STARTED—A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

If, when paying a bill, we ask the clerk the amount and then, not hearing his reply, ask him to speak louder, we give him the impression that we are shamming deafness to question his honesty and of course he feels offended. If, on the other hand, we at first tell him that we hear with difficulty and then ask for our bill, he may bawl in our ear in the presence of strangers, which is also unpleasant. It is for similar reasons that there are for those of cultivated hearing, great advantages in earning a

livelihood in some calling where everything is put down in black and white.

After leaving Cornell, I tried my fortunes in a law office and was soon deep in "Blackstone's Commentaries," having been particularly attracted by those chapters relating to the branches of the king's revenue. To a youth just starting out to make his fortune and who is not discouraged by contrast, the revenue of a king is rather more attractive than other elementary legal topics. As fortune would have it, though the branches of the king's revenue were so many and so dazzling that my eyesight gave out and I was obliged to try one of the followings which not only allow time for healthful exercise but also entirely relieve the eyes from the strain that is entailed by the contemplation of too many

branches of revenue. That I have been able to follow one of the pleasanter of these is largely due to Professor Seaman, one of the most consistent workers in the spirit of the founder of Cornell.

Cornell was founded by a self-made man—one of those who do not get spoiled in the making. Successful as a business man, he carried his success into a field where some men, successful in other ways, have failed—that of philanthropy. In honor to his life the university stands to-day a growing public good, instructing young men and women in ways that will make their lives useful to themselves and to others. A practical man in the world's sense of the word, it seems more than possible that in selecting for the site of the campus the superb landscape he has crowned with an institution of

learning, he was moved by considerations not generally thus enrolled as practical. It must have been felt by him, although he did not care to claim it, that few of the many ambitious young students who would come to spend four years in an inspiring mental atmosphere would leave it without having been influenced for good by the wonderful natural beauty of their surroundings; that many of them coming to Cornell with merely the foundation ambition to earn their own living, would get from that ever-changing sweep of lake and meadow and wooded gorge and hill, either when the sun rested lightly on it in the early morning, or when the college chimes rang out across the snow on a moonlight night, the added inspiration which Emerson has called "hitching one's wagon to a star."

One may almost say that undoubtedly he had these things in mind, but knowing that the world requires even its dreamers to work, laid out his plans for the work, leaving Nature to claim her own in due time from the dreamers.

Here in this home of the hills,
On the verge of this valley of view,
That the sunlight and shade
And the ages have made,
Has been waiting a portion for you
Of the faith in the present that thrills;
Of the life in the freedom of air;
Of the peace of the beauty that stills:
It is precious; Come gather your share.

Professor Seaman might be cited as a leading example of this class. Coming to Cornell as a self-supporting student, he gradually worked his way to a professorship. He had the energy and ability that win wealth in business, but, for

reasons that he never discussed, seemed to prefer the quiet and comparatively unremunerative industry of college life, where he gave to his students not only the benefit of his learning, but also such assistance as was in his power when they needed a helping hand to get them started up the rising grades of life.

Some of those who failed to come up to Professor Seaman's standards were inclined to class him as a square peg, with an intimation that the holes of the world are round. But even these critics could not deny that, as a peg, the professor's material and dimensions were too superior to allow him to be classed either among the small square pegs that rattle about in an ordinary-sized round hole, or among the soft square pegs whose corners soon rub off, allowing

them to fit in any small, round hole that happens to be empty. He was rather the pyramidal sort of a square peg that can get its point into any hole, but so far from resting content with the hole as he finds it, twists down and around until he has enlarged the hole as much as practical, and then leaves to find another hole. There may be occasional friction between the square peg's corners and the sides of the hole during the process of the latter's enlargement, but when the work is done the next round peg that finds the hole can be of larger caliber than its predecessors.

For a student to gain Professor Seaman's good graces was a promising sign, for he was an excellent judge of character, required hard and steady work, and had so many friends among older

alumni who were succeeding in life that his recommendation was almost certain to secure a good place for a recent graduate. Nor did he forget them when the changing combinations of modern business left promising beginners stranded. So watchful and eager to assist was he that his *protégés*, knowing that he would make undue sacrifices to aid them, took great care in their chance returns to Cornell to present every appearance of prosperity, sometimes assuming an extravagance for which he would mildly rebuke them.

But, on one occasion when other things to think of had allowed one of them to indulge in the comfort of an old suit of clothes, he felt, as he made his adieus, the professor's hand slip into his pocket and heard the kindly injunction. "Don't

hear too much now and don't open it until you get home." Obeying the spirit of the injunction he waited until he reached his train and then opened the envelope in his pocket to find therein a check for entirely too large an amount to be kept even if he had needed it. Evidently the professor had detected more wear than comfort in the old suit of clothes, and not having any ready money in the house, had given him the check.

How to return it without giving offense was a problem that would not be solved on the sleeper that night; so that the professor's late guest was still working on it when the postman brought the mail to his boarding house next morning. Among the letters for the puzzled youth was one from a publishing house return-

ing an offered manuscript, without comment save the usual briefly polite printed form that editors have been obliged to adopt to save themselves from continually enlarging their publications. As he glanced over the studied phrases that the firm employed to avoid offending a possible subscriber, his look of disappointment changed to amused relief.

On the following day as Professor Seaman sat at breakfast, planning a general reduction in his already abbreviated list of expenses, the postman handed in a letter addressed in a handwriting which he recognized as that of his recent visitor. Opening the envelope, the professor took out his check, around which was folded simply this printed blank.

“EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE SUNNY SIDE UP: We regret that we are compelled to

decline the manuscript you kindly offer us; owing to the great amount of similar matter we have now on hand. The return of a manuscript does not necessarily imply that it is not good. For various reasons a manuscript may not be adapted to our needs and yet meet with acceptance elsewhere. We often find that manuscripts that we have declined are afterward accepted by others. We esteem it a favor to be allowed to examine manuscripts whether they prove acceptable or not, and hope you will excuse the absence of specific criticism which is rendered impossible by the great number of manuscripts offered us.

“Thanking you for your courtesy, we are,

Very truly yours

THE EDITORS.

“The return of rejected manuscripts will be expedited by enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.”

The professor looked at the check and then read the printed form, smiling as he caught the application of the successive phrases. Then he sat back in his chair with a "Bless the boy—he'll do."

The next morning "the boy's" postman had his turn again, handing "the boy" a letter, in which was a postage stamp and the printed form across which was written: "I enclose the stamp I owe you. Why don't you write up your rejection of my manuscript and send it to the Sunny Side Up?" If they reject it, I know several editors who will not."

Perhaps the editors of the "Sunny Side Up" thought it was hopeless to send rejections, if they were only to be hurled back at them in that way. Perhaps they did not care to have that printed form going the rounds of the other publishers to

inform their rivals of their failure to subdue their would-be contributor; but, however it was, the rejected manuscript led the way to an accepted one; and the editorial ice once broken the rest has been easier.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAST YEAR'S BIRDS' NESTS.

IN King's time we went bird's-nesting only during the few weeks when eggs were to be found, but since then I have learned that ornithologists go bird's-nesting all the year round, for they, caring but little for the eggs, find none of the proverbial emptiness in a last-year's nest, knowing that many birds return year after year to the same nesting-place and that the songs and plumage of the different species are but little more distinctive or interesting than their nest building. A last year's nest is always a

possible next year's nest, and no matter how dilapidated the empty home of the absent birds may appear when the eye first lights upon it in an autumn or winter tramp, one soon learns to examine it with all the interest that a musician might take in finding the stray wind-blown sheets of a piece of music arranged for an instrument he has not at hand. The materials of which the nest is built, and the ways in which it is concealed among its surroundings, are all chords in Nature's music that will be repeated next spring in the same place, or in a similar one. Consequently the locality in which the nest is found—highland or lowland, woods, meadow or swamp—and the support to which it is fastened—tree, shrub or tussock—are all noted for remembrance next spring when it is im-

portant to find the nest during the few interesting weeks that the birds devote to housekeeping, that their ways may be studied during this interesting period.

Among the more persistent of the birds returning for successive years to the same nesting-place are the birds of prey. Owls having once found a good location or a nest in a hollow tree will occupy it every spring for years if not disturbed too often. Probably good cavities are scarce in the feathered real estate market. Many of the hawks also return year after year to the same nest, and by adding a new lining and perhaps a few foundation twigs, replace the wear and tear of the previous winter. So strong is this habit that professional oölogists know no surer way of finding hawks' nests than by ranging the woods in win-

ter when the absence of leaves from the trees enables the large nests of the hawks to be easily seen and marked down for future reference. Then, in April, when the nesting season begins, a tour of the last year's nests invariably finds a fair proportion of them occupied and the oölogist, having lost no time hunting up the nests, gets the eggs before the process of incubation has dulled their first freshness of color.

The habit of using old nests was responsible for an odd experience observed in one of my college rambles. In passing through a wooded swamp at the close of a long tramp, I had the luck to start some large bird, evidently a hawk or an owl, from a nest in the main crotch of a small chestnut tree. The lateness of the hour prevented further investiga-

tion that day, so, after selecting landmarks, I went home with all the self-satisfaction that a prospective set of hawk's eggs can arouse. Returning next day to the scene of the find, I had the pleasure of seeing a hawk leave the nest and go screaming off through the woods as I approached to climb the tree.

It is an inspiring task, this one of ascending to a nest from which a bird of prey has been flushed. With the smaller birds, although their nests are often rarer finds, there is always a feeling of regret at having disturbed the helpless owners; but with the hawks and owls, their defiant cries arouse the spirit of conquest, and the thrill of pleasure that follows the first glimpse of the boldly marked eggs as the climber's head peers over the edge of the nest is long remembered,

In this case, the pleasure was intensified by astonishment, for at the bottom of the nest lay not only three of the much-desired brown mottled eggs of the hawk but also two dirty white eggs which were evidently those of the barred owl, a common resident of our woods, and whose nesting-place is by choice a hollow tree; failing which some old crow's or hawk's nest may be utilized.

It has been a source of unending regret that the rigidity of college discipline prevented the taking of an unscheduled and indefinite vacation that would have allowed me to camp out in the vicinity of that nest and study the ways of the household. It would have been interesting to have had definite proof of the ownership of the nest—whether the hawks had sole pos-

session or whether it was a co-operative affair, and if the latter, how the day was divided between the two families. The bird that left the nest when I approached in the broad daylight, was undoubtedly a hawk. What the bird was that left the nest the night before could not be determined, owing to the poor light; but owls were often heard hooting in these woods. An examination of the contents of the eggs showed that while incubation was far advanced in both sets of eggs, the owl's eggs were slightly in advance of those of the hawk's, indicating that the owls had begun housekeeping first. It seems possible that the owls, in selecting a nesting-place, happened to hit upon the old nest of the hawks, and were driven out by the latter on their return from the South. This

view is borne out by the fact that the hawks occupied the nest alone the following year while a pair of owls nested about a quarter of a mile away. Inquiries among fellow-ornithologists revealed that one of them had taken a set of owl's eggs in the neighborhood of the nest I found, but about a month earlier. As owls often nest again when their eggs are taken, it may be that this pair of owls moved over to the hawk's nest for their second attempt at housekeeping and were then driven out by the hawks.

Another last year's bird's nest that turned out to be of present interest was built about twenty feet above the ground in the main crotch of a black-birch tree. From the ground it had all the outward characteristics of a crow's nest. It did

not look like a this year's nest, and yet had that something in its make-up that suggests the recent presence of living occupants. So, as the climb was comparatively easy, it seemed worth while to take a look over its edge.

With the aid of my telegraph lineman's climbing irons, I had gotten halfway up the tree and was resting with my arms clasped around the trunk, when there came a sudden scratching on the bark above my head, followed by a soft thud on my hat, a softer, lighter thud on my shoulder, a creepy sensation down my back and legs, and finally a further scratching on the bark below. It was all over so quickly that I could not see what it was that had used me for a highway, but, hoping that the nest would reveal the mystery, I renewed my climb with

added eagerness. With the first step upward there was another scratching on the bark above, and this time I was quick enough to look up and see a flying-squirrel coming down the trunk full tilt toward my face. A flying-squirrel is not a ferocious beast, but when one has both hands clasped around a tree trunk, there is no way to protect the face except ducking down and trusting to one's hat, and this I did, and undoubtedly without stopping to reason it out. Then came the soft thud on hat and shoulder and the creepy sensation down back and legs. This time there was no further scratching on the bark below and, as I was still looking down, I saw a flying-squirrel sail down through the air to a wild cranberry bush, on the tips of one of whose branches he landed and held tight, as the

branch swayed under the impetus of his descent.

When the nest was finally reached I had been thus traversed by four squirrels, three of whom were evidently young ones, as, after landing on the bushes at the foot of the tree, they simply held on tightly, not knowing enough to make further efforts to escape. The nest was empty when reached and was a last-year's crow's nest in which the squirrels had built their ball of soft, fibrous bark and grass, a small hole at the side affording access to the nest hollowed in the center. While examining the nest, I kept one eye on the young squirrels below, and as they were still holding fast just where they had landed in their flight from the tree, I made a hasty descent to secure them. It is a

somewhat novel experience, this picking flying squirrels from a bush; but in about five minutes all three were cuddled in the cotton-batting lined box I had for the safe carriage of eggs. They did not attempt to bite and made no efforts at resistance or escape.

Of these three two died in a few days, either from fright or from hunger; for they would not touch milk or nuts or anything that was offered them. It was too late to save them, when by accident it was discovered that the third one had a very well developed sweet-tooth, eating with avidity sugar and candy. This depraved and unnatural taste he soon somewhat atoned for by adding to his diet substantials like grasshoppers, crickets and flies. No sausage machine ever worked with more precision and

promptness than this little fellow did when he was given a grasshopper. Sitting erect on his hind legs, he would seize the grasshopper with his front paws, give it a few mysterious, lightning-like twists and manipulations to get it in proper position, and then begin to eat. He began at the head and ate downward with rapidity and energy, throwing aside the tough lower portions of the grasshopper's legs very much as a threshing machine throws out the straw from which the grain has been threshed.

He soon got over his first fear, and lived a life of luxury and ease in my coat pocket by day and in a box by night. It was not necessary to tie him in any way by day, as he slept most of the time and would come back even when allowed to make short excursions in the

grass of an open field. At night he was restive and often got out of his box and roamed about the room, sometimes returning to his box and again retiring for the day to a coat pocket or bureau drawer or some other soft, snug place. His luxurious ways were his ruin, I fear, for he grew very fat and was found dead one morning curled up in his box with a lump of sugar on one side and some grasshopper legs on the other.

CHAPTER IX.

UNCERTAINTIES OF THE TWO SYSTEMS OF
HEARING.

AT times we followers of the new hearing have to employ little artifices to keep on a sociable footing with you of the majority. Some of us have learned to laugh as hard at a funny story of which we have heard not a word as any of you who have heard it all. Our excuse for our hypocrisy is that a laugh with a crowd is always worth laughing while not to laugh may make a break in the circle.

It is a somewhat risky amusement. We have to watch very carefully the

faces of the story-teller and his audience so as to laugh just at the right time. We may hit the right instant a dozen times in succession and win the pleasure of the laugh and the satisfaction of passing unnoticed, but let us laugh once at the wrong time, and we may be in disgrace forever.

In a good story-teller sight travels just a little faster than sound and we can see the point of the story in his eyes sufficiently long before it reaches his lips to allow us to get ready to laugh. If he is of the kind who join in the general laugh when his story is told, we have merely to laugh when he does. If he is a stoic who never laughs even with a crowd at his own jokes then we must keep one eye on the audience and join in their laugh. It is not hard, but please do not

ask us to repeat or verify details of good stories you may remember to have seen us enjoying. In compensation, you may tell your stories without hesitation lest we may have heard them before and without fear lest we may correct you as to details.

Another of our little ways is responsible for the unfounded but generally credited gossip that if the philosopher who finds deaf people eccentric had seen me walking up James Street with Miss Tulipene Ennis one afternoon last week, he would have had reasons for considering me not only eccentric but also concentric.

That he might, had he not known me, have found my movements of interest, is due to the fact that I am one of the many who find that it is almost hopeless to

talk with people unless they are on our right side. I must waive discussion as to whether this is the best policy to get on in the world with. It may be that those that have favors to bestow expect us to get on their right side, not only at dinner parties, but also in general, or it may be that our American physicians will follow the lead of those in Berlin who find that the telephone is developing a race of people who hear better on the left side than on the right; but to converse when walking together I must have my own way and that I sometimes am balked has given rise to the unjust statement that some deaf people seem to talk on both sides and listen on neither. You may tell me that I am catching my victim alone or you may call it a conflict of women's rights and

my own, but I insist on keeping right side up with care.

Last Tuesday afternoon as I was taking a constitutional up James Street, I overtook my friend of schooldays, Miss Tulipene Ennis, who has lately returned from abroad where she has been completing her education. As I had met her but for a moment since her return, this seemed an opportunity to renew a former acquaintance whose attractions were supplemented by our being on the right-hand side of the stately street where I could converse and also be conventional in giving her the position away from the curb.

Having obtained a gracious recognition and permission to join her in her walk, we were soon in old times, and I was listening in comfort, when we came to a

crosswalk and Tulipene turned to cross over, saying that it looked shadier on the other side of the street. James Street, being spacious, I had time in crossing to decide that it would be best to maintain my position of communication, even at the risk of appearing unconventional; so, when we reached the left-hand sidewalk, I abstractedly remained on the inside. Only for a minute, however, for Tulipene was run into by a couple going in the other direction and, getting untangled, took her conventional position on the inside and asked me what I had been doing since schooldays.

That question was lucky, for when we can't listen we still can talk if our victim is tractable. Tulipene was tractable to a degree, and I talked with an intensity that gave her no chance to interrupt

until my ideas gave out. Then I artlessly dropped my cane and regained the position of communication in the confusion of picking it up. Tulipene, however, was evidently conventional, for, in a minute, she stopped to admire an idiotic baby in charge of a nurse whose mere appearance was a scathing criticism on our immigration laws, and then resumed her walk at my left side. As she asked no question this time and I had exhausted old times, it seemed proper to suggest that for the next few blocks the other side of the street would afford the best view of James Street's handsome residences. Tulipene did not show any marked enthusiasm over this suggestion. In fact, her silence when we reached the other side was so marked that I felt

called on to relieve it by giving a description of the houses we were passing—a description which would have been enlightening to their owners and architects, so often did I indulge in our constitutional privilege—that of substituting fact for fancy when conversation must be maintained, and facts are not to be had.

Probably Tulipene suspected my sources of information; for, at the third block, she again detected more shade on the other side of the street and led the way across. To the best of my twenty years' observation, there is not the slightest difference in the shade of James Street on cloudy days; but, after discarding fact in my real estate descriptions, it seemed unfair to question a mere matter of judgment, so I could only follow

meekly across and take up the conventional left-handed position.

I might have suggested our going over to a parallel street in the hope of turning right side up in the shuffle, but the only thing I did think of was to suggest our turning around and going back, which would put me once more on the right side of things. As we had not gone far enough to be tired, except possibly of each other, probably my method of expressing myself was not as delicate as the situation required; for Tulipene turned confusedly, even so far forgetting herself as to take her position on my left, and had almost nothing to say when, a few minutes later, I regained my rightful position after stopping to pick up a baby that escaped from a neat-looking nurse and fell at my feet. That

baby's tact will make it president, if it was a boy!

Was there ever anything more contrary than some people? At the next corner, Tulipene finally broke her silence by remarking: "Here are those lovely houses again. Won't you come over and tell me something more about them?" and before I had time to suggest that we ought to get an opposite view this time, over we went. Conversation lagged on the first three blocks and revived but slightly on the next three, although the latter allowed me free scope without fear of entangling comparisons with previous descriptions. Then it occurred to me to right myself and also propitiate Tulipene by suggesting a return to the other side on account of the superior shade she had discovered on our way

out. She did not look altogether pleased at this piece of thoughtful consideration on my part, but when we reached the other side, relented and talked so entertainingly about her experiences abroad that I was strongly tempted to break a previous engagement and accept the informal invitation to dinner that she offered as we parted at her home.

There have been some unauthorized versions of my pleasant walk with Miss Ennis circulated by unscrupulous partisans of the old hearing. All are highly imaginative, or worse. Neither of us have had stiff necks ever since, caused by our efforts to bring our respective right ears to bear on each other. We did not block travel on the business portion by zigzagging clear across the street in our endeavors to keep on each other's

left side. Neither were we first seen practicing a new two-step on the lower part of the street nor last seen going over the hill at the top of James Street in a glorious waltz, making forty revolutions to the minute.

It is true that I have learned since our walk that Miss Ennis while in Europe lost the use of her left ear, and that she had entirely forgotten that it was as desirable for me as for her to get people on my right side; but that we had such a pleasant walk and succeeded so well in our tactics without forcing each other into time-worn explanations and apologies is to my mind proof positive of the adaptability of the new hearing to unforeseen conditions.

This showing seems especially good when I recall the rude awakening that

some of these who have allowed themselves to drift into the habit of depending upon an uncultivated hearing, simply because they are not aware of its defects, had at Cornell last week. A little learning may be dangerous, but it seems safety itself compared with a little hearing of their sort.

About a month ago some sophomores of Cornell suddenly discovered that the old toolshed which stood near the entrance to the campus was out of harmony with the spirit of the institution, and should be removed. It is to be taken as an unexpected tribute to the beauty of the Cornell campus that these minds, usually occupied with class "scraps" and the relative athletic standing of every college in the land, were brought to realize that their *alma mater* had a

spirit; and that the spirit's being ruffled was their opportunity to indulge in that sophomore's delight—to stir up the faculty. A petition to the unfortunate faculty was promptly drawn up and presented, after it had acquired an influential list of signatures, with a rapidity equaled only by that with which the international arbitration petition to Congress, that had been soliciting signatures for several weeks at the entrance to the library, lost a similar list. When the authors of the arbitration petition urged that "The pen is mightier than the sword," they forgot the scissors and paste pot. In support of the petition the local newspaper was deluged with letters to the editor calling attention to this outrage, an outrage which had passed unnoticed for ten

years, it is true, but none the less an outrage now.

Whatever the faculty may have thought in private about the old tool-house, they knew that their treasury had the characteristic emptiness of an appreciated benevolent institution; so with perhaps an undercurrent of feeling that the spirit of the institution would pull through, even if a little of the sophomores' new-found interest was transferred to their studies, it was announced that the removal of the toolshed would be brought to the attention of the trustees at the next annual meeting. A college dance and an athletic contest happened along just then and the old toolshed dropped back into quiet, if not into obscurity, until one evening last week when, just as the students were

returning from supper, an alarm of fire was sounded near the campus entrance. An immediate and spontaneous investigation, conducted each man for himself, revealed that the old toolshed was in flames, evidently having caught from hot ashes; an ashbin being one of the minor faults in its architecture.

The Cornell campus is situated on a hill considerably above the town, but the need for homes for the professors and boarding houses for the students has built up a residence district on the hill between the town and university. For the protection of this district from fire, the authorities of the town organized a volunteer fire company whose operations were directed by an energetic student, Tim Houligan. Houligan's forceful individualities had earned his company

the title of "Houligan's Hose," its official title of Deluge Hose Company No. 3 being as completely eclipsed as were the officials by Houligan himself. In "Houligan's Hose" the students had an active membership, both official and unofficial, a select few wearing badges and attending practice drills, and the great majority turning up to pull the cart when there was a fire.

The toolshed stood at the middle of a short level stretch that intervenes near the end of the long climb from the town to the university. One hundred feet west of the toolshed the steep descent to the town begins, and one hundred feet east the road forks, one branch going to the campus and the other to the hose-cart house. To get the hose-cart to the fire in this case was simply a matter of

pulling downhill. The sounding of the alarm at an hour when the students were all on the streets gathered them at the fire in a body, of whom the greater part immediately started to get the hose cart. In the race for a prominent position on the ropes used to haul the cart, the swiftest runners came out ahead, so that it was not unnatural that when the cart started there were some vigorous young men doing the pulling, while surrounding them and obscuring their view, were a band of shouters who had no trouble in keeping up with the athletes handicapped by the weight of the cart.

“Whoop-er-up, now. Get a gait on yer!” commanded Captain Tim when all was ready for a start. Both injunctions were obeyed to the letter: all hands “getting a gait” on them and the shout-

ers "whooping it up" with a vim that must have carried encouragement to those who had remained to fight the fire.

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft alee."

Captain Tim, from his perch on the swaying cart, thinking only of impressing the faculty with the zeal of his company, urged the students on, and with an obedience that spoke volumes for the discipline of modern college athletic training, they raced down the slope to the fire. The hydrant at which Captain Tim planned to stop was beyond the toolshed and just at the top of the steep descent to the town, but as the fire had obtained a good headway he deemed it best not to slow up until they had passed through the heated belt of flying sparks; in which enthusiastic passage those

coming with the cart were joined by those who had remained at the fire, including, rumor has it, two professors, six instructors and every small boy in town. As soon as the cart had passed the burning building, Captain Tim gave an emphatic order to slow up; but his subordinates hearing only the general uproar, failed to respond in time to check their momentum, and the cart and those pulling it swept on past the hydrant and down the steep descent toward the village, the students dropping off the ropes when they found the cart had gotten beyond their control and the cart bringing up in the gutter a wreck. The toolshed was a total loss.

CHAPTER X.

THE SKETCH CLUB.

WE are going to Huckery—the kingdom of air,
Of green apples puckery, and blackberries rare,
To a lake that's called Snow that perhaps you
may know

Where mushrooms and thunder and summer
folk grow:

Not all in a row, as if planted just so;
Convenient to gather or handy to hoe;
But free, save the mushrooms to come and to go,
While admiring the view or the daily *menu*,
And later the stars, all unmoistened by dew;
Now in crowds, now in groups, or now one and
now two:

Here's hoping the latter is us—me and you.

It was not so much for their literary
value that the above verses were prized
as for the encouragement they gave

Tulipene Ennis to continue in her missionary endeavor to instruct me in two pastimes that she has found pleasant for the deaf—sketching in colors and verse. We had taken other walks since that one up James Street, and while we had not discovered any new style of pedestrianism that would enable us to walk side by side and be each on the others' right side at the same time, we had found that we could enjoy a brisk walk in comparative silence through the city streets, and reserve our conversation until we reached the suburbs. There Tulipene would find some suitable bit of landscape to sketch, and I would select a seat facing in an opposite direction, and having thus gotten our right ears properly arranged, endeavor to show a proper appreciation of her kind heartedness.

In return I endeavored to interest Tulipene in natural history, and, remembering how greatly my own interest in its early stages had been strengthened by King, the taxidermist, I looked up the little shop one day when out for a walk.

We found the familiar place easily enough, but the effect of our visit was not just what I expected. Tulipene was greatly interested in the delicate plumage and fur of the specimens, but King himself had died, and now that our old friend is gone and his wife is carrying on the business, they say it was she who really did most of the stuffing all the time, as he was too busy hunting to spend much time in the shop. It is a plausible tale. Certainly he always seemed to have plenty of time to go hunting or to show us over his collec-

tions of beasts and birds and bird's eggs, and the work that she does now is of the high grade that is attained only by years of constant practice. That much will be cheerfully admitted, but they need not expect me to hear that the moth-eaten, dingy, bobtailed chipmunk that hangs in a corner of the garret was stuffed, not by King, but by a mere woman, who probably never chased a chipmunk in her life and would aim a slingshot hind - side foremost. They took away "Jack the Giant Killer," Rip Van Winkle, and Santa Claus, before I was old enough to know what not to hear, or how to get them back. I admit that after hearing that Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were only imaginary people, there did not seem to be any use in not hearing that there were unpleas-

ant rumors as to the reality of William Tell, Jonah, John Smith and Pocahontas. But when they try to tell me that King was not King, I rebel; for he was and I know it; and I can be very deaf at times, very deaf indeed!

In learning to recognize and then to take an interest in the ways of the different little tenants of the fields and woods, Tulipene made rapid progress, but my success in her favorite pursuits has not been phenomenal. While Tulipene's success in these is evidence that deafness is no bar to them, my own progress has been so slow as to suggest that it is not the only talent required, and I have begun to have a better understanding of Monsieur Beaulegs' criticism of my dancing—that I did not enter into the spirit of the thing.

It was late in the spring when Tulipene asked for assistance in the design of a card to inform the members of an impromptu organization called "The Sketch Club," that their next outing would be a camping trip to Snow Lake, in a hamlet bearing the name of Huckery. Foraging, scenery, thunder-showers, appetites and sketches were the prominent features of excursions to Snow Lake, and to give me an idea of what she wanted Tulipene showed me these poems, the first of which she wrote last year to open the "Log," as the journal of the Sketch Club was called.

GREETING.

"Greeting! You who are here to-day,
And you who are still to come:
'The Log' is open wide again
To record life's busy hum.

Open to those who sketch or sing
Or write in verse or prose
Of all that speeds with flying hours,
Our day as it comes and goes.
Open wide to coming friends.
There is joy in but your name.
May new names find 'The Log' this year,
And the old ones just the same!"

INDIAN SUMMER.

"Shadow days of spirit sunshine,
Days when all the world lies still
Dreaming, as we dream in summer
O'er a sunset from the hill.
Light is going, darkness coming,
Labor ended, rest is here.
May we share the peace and brightness
Of the sunset of the year!"

WAITING IN THE CLOSE.

"Perched upon the chapel steps,
In the falling dusk they wait,
Two small rompers, eight and ten,
Still and for a time sedate.
"Chapel's o'er and soon the door
Opens on the doctor's form.
How his grave face quickly lights
In the glow of greetings warm,

“With a romper at each side
Slowly to his home he goes,
Tugged along by hands of both,
Dancing now on tips of toes.”

But it was hard to be studious or contemplative when in Tulipene's society, and the serious-minded effort that I at first attempted was slow in its progress—so slow that there probably would have been nothing written had not Cheeryby Tuckle, a last-year's member of the Sketch Club, but this year a volunteer soldier at Camp Alger, sent home the following effusion in appreciation of the sewing that the Sketch Club had done for the Soldiers' Aid Society:

PAJAMAS ON PARADE.

THE FOURTH AT CAMP ALGER.

“Talk about the nightgown ‘swarry’ that we
had a while ago,
When our athletes licked some college that
had been a dreaded foe!

When we heard from Santiago, that Cervera
had lost his race,
All the 'swarries' held at college, had to take
a second place.

Just behind the news a bundle came a-rolling
into camp—

From the ladies, some pajamas; weather dry
and bundle damp.

No one knows who first proposed it, but a sud-
den general shout

Told the genius he had hit the proper plan to
dry them out.

"First came cheery 'Fatty' Fuller, looking
soldier-like and grim,

In pajamas that a saber might have worn—if
it was slim.

Next was little 'Shorty' Simpson in a shirt
whose flowing tail

Floated outward on the breezes like a gently
filling sail.

Further back was lanky Jenkins, in an outfit
two feet less

Than the length his mother cuts them—and
a spur for evening dress.

At the rear, a dozen, lacking in their garb,
whose martial air

Seemed enough, and also fitted: fits you see
were something rare.

“First, we showed them Balaklava, with a
truly light brigade.
Next, we told of Hero Hobson with a tub and
puddle’s aid.
Then some hard-tack happened handy, and
Dewey far away
Might have learned a lot on shelling from those
shirtless fiends at bay.
Last we gathered in procession for a masterly
retreat
That must have been enlightening to the sen-
tries on their beat;
For they joined us in our cheering for the
Sketch Club and their aid,
For the navy and the army and pajamas on
parade.”

This was promptly held up to me for
emulation, Tulipene’s argument being
that a person enjoying the opportunities
for thought and reflection that deafness
gives ought not to allow himself to be
surpassed by one undergoing the hard-
ships of camp life. Under the spur of
this argument, and in emulation of

Cheeryby's martial spirit, I fell to and produced some verses in honor of the death at his post of the heroic mule of Matanzas. The paragraphers of our daily press, in suggesting that the death of the mule occurred at a hitching-post and was due simply to the rest of the Spanish garrison's forgetting to untie their comrade when they fled, took such an ignoble view of the occurrence, that it seemed only right to attempt a less partisan interpretation of the spirit of that most faithful follower of the fortunes of Spain.

REMEMBER THE MULE.

I hope that our navy'll be prudent,
And give the Dons time to get cool,
From the warmth of their flight, when they
just as well might
Have ridden in style on the mule.

Who can hope for a Cuba that's "Libre,"
Who can doubt that the Spaniards must rule,
While the typewriter's rattle—heard after the
battle—
Resounds with "Remember the Mule!"

When shown this, Tulipene read it without showing enthusiasm, and handed it back, saying: "Now you have achieved that, suppose you leave the war to those who can fight, and write, as I asked you, something that will do for the Log.

It was particularly pleasing then when the verses that stand at the head of this chapter came back to me on a decorated card several days after I had submitted them to Tulipene; for its receipt informed me not only that I had been of some assistance to Tulipene, but also that the effort was considered by the Sketch Club to be of such undoubted

badness as to entitle me to an invitation to accompany them on their outing.

On this trip to Snow Lake I was able to show a high degree of appreciation of the foraging, but was not so successful in entering into the artistic atmosphere. One clear summer night on the shore of the small upland lake, for instance. The day had been hot and still. At dusk we rowed out on the motionless lake and listened to a hermit thrush singing, and then, wondering how much there was in our civilization that was entitled to rank higher than that bird's daily song, drifted back to shore and gathered there in the coolness suggested by the lake. Then the moon rose and the artists fell into an argumentative discussion as to the relative sizes of the moon and the heavens. The discussion

was soon stifled by the heat, and we sat there in silence, when suddenly some of the stars that were visible through the trees at the foot of the lake, disappeared, reappeared, and disappeared again. A moment later and the first force of a gust of wind lifted the branches above our heads, and we understood why the stars at the foot of the lake were acting so erratically. Following the first gust came a slow, dreamy, gentle, southwest breeze, just cool enough to banish thoughts of the heat, just warm enough to make one dreamy, just variable enough to keep one half-awake, and just steady enough to suggest that one could dream on forever of a quiet, loving world, where the differences of individuality are not. As Tulipene recalls that evening:

I.

“It’s coming—some are missing
Of the stars among the trees,
Where boughs are lifting upward
On the long awaited breeze—
A breeze from silent shipping
Where the foam in triumph rides,
With visions cool and dripping
Of the waves that run the sides.
A breeze with tribute burdened,
From some slumber giving shore,
With so much it tells so plainly
With a hint of even more.

II.

“It tells of sultry cities,
Where the toilers of the day,
Have hailed the breeze with blessings
As it passed them on its way.
It tells of homes up higher,
Where the children turn in sleep,
With smiles for dream to-morrows
As they breathe the balm in deep.
All this it tells of plainly;
Yet its subtle murmur low
Has hidden meanings further
Something still I do not know.

III.

“To us in these the highlands,
When we see these things all plain,
It sings of something softer,
With a gentle, low refrain.
With visions of new wonders
Teem these breezes cool and slow,
In softness all suggestive
Of the things we may not know.
There! The secret of the message
Of these murmurs soft and low
Is the beauty of the loving
That as yet we may not know.”

Another member sketched the song of
the hermit thrush.

“As on the mirrored lake we float
To watch the daylight go—
In silence—telling more than speech—
To those we really know,
There comes from some dark wooded nook,
The hermit’s bell-like song,
Apparently a voice from where
The pure and gentle throng,
A voice whose clear soul-stirring notes
Bids inmost chimes to ring,
While tongues stay silent—knowing well
’Tis souls that now may sing.”

That I have nothing to offer about that evening is not altogether the fault of the artists who were my companions on that night, but it might have been easier for me if they had not been grouped on my right side, where I was forced to overhear their discussion. Perhaps artists are so familiar with dreams of summer nights that they consider it no sin to mar one by comparing the starlit heavens and a full moon rising over a still lake, in rapid succession, to a cart-wheel, washtub, milkpan, pieplate, box of blacking, and five-cent piece. Some day I hope to give the moon proper credit for its part in the making of a beautiful summer night, but as yet the atmosphere is too thick with those artistic comparisons, and Pegasus refuses to rise above this:

The moon hung low in the southern sky,
Like a nickle stuck up in a sky-blue pie.
The poem is poor, but ends pretty soon.
Now what can one do with a five-cent moon?

It is only just to Tulipene to say that I was not perfectly frank with her in regard to a very great impediment to my progress as her pupil. When we started out for a lesson, Tulipene, as teacher, was in charge of the expedition, and considered it her first duty to find a suitable landscape. They are hard things to find, it seems, but after much deliberation and criticism of portions of the earth, that, to my uneducated eye appeared to be very fairly designed and constructed by Mother Nature, one that would do, was found, and Tulipene chose a seat, put her sunbonnet at the proper angle, and began work. Then

my difficulty developed. In order to keep on a conversational basis, I had to take a seat facing in a direction opposite to the one in which Tulipene was looking. Having no eyes in the back of my head, I could not see what she was sketching, so had to look for something in the other direction, and landscapes suitable for sketching, and arranged in pairs, were remarkably rare occurrences. On some half-dozen occasions of which I took note, after Tulipene had settled herself snugly in some corner and started to work on a bit of nature, lying, say, in a southwesterly direction, my view in a northeasterly direction was cut off by a haystack, a snake fence, the side of a barn, a patent medicine advertisement, the side of a hill, and the back of a girl which, like the others, was more

or less comfortable for Tulipene to lean back against when resting.

These objects may be good enough subjects for the pencil of a pupil whose knowledge of sketching is elementary, but they were not half as interesting as Tulipene herself when she was working away, unconscious of observation, first critically measuring the sky with a wonderful look of mingled calculation and criticism, that it seemed impossible to achieve without first screwing up her right eye perfectly tight, then vibrating a lead pencil and thumb nail before her left eye and splashing and spattering colors with a recklessness that suggested a repetition of the times of Noah. Then sobering down and putting in changes and alterations and details, slowly and more slowly, until all was

finished, when with a sigh that told of the discrepancy between the picture made by hands and colors which must ever be of this world, and the ideal of a soul that could see beyond, the sketch was laid aside to dry, and to take its place later among somebody's collection of valued souvenirs of pleasant days.

With this picture in mind, and mindful of the club's rule requiring each member to submit a sketch made during the outing, I finally achieved this "Sketch" that appears here with other verses from the "Log."

A SKETCH.

Gracious—it's fetching this sketching!
With brushes and paint and your book,
You hunt up some quaintness or brook:
Find a seat and sit on it—
Adjust a sunbonnet—

And then, with a critical look,
Size up the sky—such a twist of one eye!
Splash and splatter.—Then sigh;
But hang it to dry,
And really it isn't so bad,
By and by.

A GAY DECEIVER.

Here's a rollicker here in the hay;
What a roistering sort of a chap!
He has been in the dust till his clothes are all
mussed;
It is plain he has had a mishap,—
There is dust from his heels to his cap.

What is this he says—"Bub, will you drink!
Come along, come along for a drink!
Come along, if you'll drink, I will double your
drink.
There is really no thanks for a drink,
It's a favor to old Bob o' Link."

And it really is rare, is his wine
Of this air of the clover and dune;
So I drink to my fill with a hearty good-will,
As he babbles his frolicsome tune
With his praises of meadows and June.

All the while—Oh, so surely he guides
Me away to the shade of a tree!
Then he's back to the hay whence he's lured
me away.
Bubbling over with glory and glee,
I can hear him say—"Bully for me!"

While the lilt that has lured me to dreams
Has a ring of the liveliest zest,
As he sings to his mate of the merciless fate
He has kept from their well-hidden nest,
It's a wonder the glee in that breast!

Babbie Link—we are safe—so I think—
The old featherless crank took the wink.
He's asleep in the shade—too much drink I'm
afraid.
You'd have laughed at his fondness for drink.
I'm a schemer of rank, Bob o'Link!

CHARACTER.

"Oh, would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."
But grant us, then, that we may see
Ourselves as we ourselves would be.

FOSSENVUE.

Cradled by old Seneca,
Known to every breeze,
Playing tag with summer suns
Through the staid old trees;
Backed by hills of wooded green,
Faced by waves of blue,
Forest, water, light and air,
That is Fossenvue.

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SAN JUAN.

AS SEEN BY THE COLORED REGULARS.

(With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.)

We had heard that they were cowboys
Who were fond of looking "tough,"
With some dudes who found a pavement
And a broncho pretty rough;
So we thought with fight in earnest,
There would be a sudden smash
In the stock of Teddy Roosevelt
And his poor white trash.

Till we started up the hillside
And our men began to drop,
And we had to keep a-going
For it wasn't time to stop;

Then we couldn't help admiring,
When in every deadly dash,
We were joined by Massa Roosevelt
And his poor white trash.

And I tell you now for certain
When at last we reached the top,
And could stop to count our missing,—
And we had a pretty crop,—
That we couldn't help a-feeling
We had been a little rash—
Yet there was Colonel Roosevelt
And his poor white trash.

KAUYAHOURA—SLANTING WATER.

Kauyahoura—Slanting Water,
You're a witch, your magic showing
When your rapids shift their echoes
From the woods when winds are blowing,
To the secrets of my past;
Hail me here and hold me fast
While they show me first and last,
Every place of eager going,
Every friend of early knowing—
Be it tune or be it croon
That you sing at night and noon,
Dusk and dawn and light of moon,

May I see your waters gleaming,
When life's current forward streaming
Makes an eddy just for dreaming,
Winsome woodland witch's daughter,
Kauyahoura, Slanting Water!

EVENING TENNIS.

Over and over, O,
Over and over, out and in,
Blue is above, below is green,
Two on a side, the net between,
Arms that are skilled and eyes all keen,
One to receive and one to serve,
Two at the net and all on nerve.
Thus does the game begin.

Over and over, O,
Over and over, up and down,
Speedy and low or slow and high,
In or an out or swiftly by,
Losers who laugh at victor's cry,
Volley or cut or place or smash,
Back with a care or up with a dash.
Any one's game to win!

Over and over, O,
Over and through—away and in,

Now it is dark, the game is done:
Somebody lost and some one won,
Nobody cares, it's all or fun.
Over and in it's now for all,
Players and net and bounding ball.
Over and over, O.

The bachelors now afloat on the "Log" desire to call the attention of anybody else's sisters to a matter that threatens to pass the endurable limits of a joke. Our attention was first called to the danger in the middle of last December when the persistent mildness of the weather gave every promise of another of those public nuisances—a moist, green Christmas. The astronomers were occupying so much space in our venal contemporaries, explaining that the trouble was all due to spots on the sun, that our suspicions were aroused and an investigation begun. It took but a short time to

discover that the facts are as drawn up in the following statement. You will have to pardon its being in verse, for of the parties responsible for the trouble, only the clerk of the weather is known to write prose and even his statements are so highly tinged with imagination as to leave us in great doubt not only as to when they are to be taken seriously but also as to whether he would understand a bare statement of facts in prose. Prose criticism, as you know, is entirely lost on him.

OUR CALENDAR OF CRIME.

I.

Just a word, O you fair, who are fighting
With such vim for the right for a vote!
Won't you rest just a minute and listen?
It is something well worthy of note.

I would tell of a wrong that is pressing,
Of a crime by iniquitous men,
That demands a more speedy redressing
Than the ballot twice over again!

II.

Have you noticed the change in the seasons;
That a Christmas with skating or snow,
Is as rare as the Easters you long for,
With their weather when bonnets can show?
Have you thought that you have but one leap
year,
Where equality says should be two,
And in choosing a president then
We are too busy to listen to you.

III.

Have you thought that your favorite, Cupid,
With the sun and the man in the moon,
Father Time—and the clerk of the weather,
Are all men and you dance to their tune?
Have you thought that the five in their cunning,
Might have joggled the weather along;
While some spots on the sun were produced
To account for the evident wrong?

IV.

Aren't you freer with money at Christmas
When the weather is bracing and cold?
Won't the bill for your bonnets be smaller
If at Easter you wear one that's old?
Don't you see? They have robbed you of leap
years
So that Easter will come in the wet,
While poor Santa must come in warm weather,
They will have him in midsummer yet!

V.

Does it pay, oh, you fair who have fortunes,—
For the ballot to wage such a strife?
Here's your ticket, "Biennial Leap Years,"
We might transfer our vote to a wife.

We intended this exposé to appear at Christmas, but the rascals evidently got wind of our intentions for they changed front and gave us the first genuine cold and snowy Christmas we have had since we stopped hanging up our stockings. Not wishing to appear vindictive, we

bore in patience the wishy-washy, sloppy weather they inflicted upon us all winter, merely holding in reserve our *exposé* for Easter. But with a diplomacy fairly reeking with garlic, these weather dons gave us a bright and sunny Easter that no milliner could improve upon and again we had to delay our intervention. So strong was our desire to proceed to extremes only when humanity necessitated, that we found no fault when they made April one continual washday. When, however, to their evident intention of sacrificing the whole of our present outing to untimely memories of St. Swithin, we add our discovery that they have scheduled no leap year until 1904 we feel that it is our duty to inform you of the facts in the case. We shall leave you to deal with the situation as seems

best, but can assure you that you may rely on our heartfelt co-operation in carrying out any proposal—beg pardon—proposition, that seems likely to restore our missing sunshine.

CHAPTER XI.

FINAL AND INDISPUTABLE TRIUMPH OF THE
NEW HEARING—AFTER A SLIGHT PRE-
LIMINARY SKIRMISH, THE ADVANTAGES
OF A CONTROLLED HEARING ARE CON-
CLUSIVELY SHOWN.

My "Sketch" in view of the extenuat-
ing circumstances, was accepted by the
Sketch Club as a qualification for mem-
bership, and in the following fall I
availed myself of their invitation to at-
tend some lectures by a noted traveler
who has an entertaining series of views
describing what he has seen. The first
meeting of the club was held at the
home of Mr. Beamer, who, after almost
insisting on my taking a front seat, gave

that up and, seating himself directly behind me, proceeded to start a circulating library, more or less public, between his seat and mine, handing over a fresh reference book every few minutes; both of which attempts were in direct conflict with our constitutional right to devote time spent in public gatherings to thinking in a back seat.

Mr. Beamer does not know that early in my schooldays, about the time of my difficulty with Mr. Adam and Mr. Goodman, one of the benevolent societies of the town opened a gymnasium, which my comrades and myself promptly joined. Some of the authorities, finding that our morals were in need of culture as well as our muscles, ushered several of us into a prayer-meeting one night after the gymnasium exercises had

closed. Although given a front seat, I was unable to hear a word that was said, but by keeping a close watch, met with no apparent trouble until just at the close of the meeting, when the leader asked some question, in response to which all present stood up; I doing so only when it was evident that it was a general movement. They all sat down again in a minute and another question was asked. Hearing a shuffling of feet behind me, and wishing to escape the curious glances that my slow response to the first question had provoked, I promptly stood up, only to be more promptly pulled down by the coattails by some one in the seat just behind me. It was afterward explained to me that the first question to which I so hesitatingly responded was: "Will those who

feel benefited by having attended this meeting, please stand up?" And the second question to which I had so promptly responded was: "Will those who have not derived any benefit from this meeting please stand up?"

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

It was not long after this that a politely handed prayer-book in which, however, a leaf was turned in transmission, was responsible for my well-meant utterance of "Good Lord deliver us," just as our minister had concluded a prayer for the safety of Mr. Adam, who was on the ocean and returning to open school for the fall term.

Since then my part in public places has gradually become one of strict quiet in a back seat, watchful at times and

contemplative when allowable. There are songs without words and so there are other things. A lecturer's face tells not only what he has been saying but also what he has been thinking and doing for a lifetime. If that does not furnish food for thought sufficient to last through the lecture, one can always fall back on the audience.

Knowing this, you will understand why it was necessary to administer to Mr. Beamer a sample treatment of the best cure I as yet know for so delicate a case of good intentions. This consists in holding the books upside down; persistently, openly, absent-mindedly, and none the less sure to catch his eye. His reference books being illustrated, it was not long before he caught a view of the Eiffel Tower with the city of Paris at

the wrong end, while my eyes and thoughts were even further off in space; and he proved a model patient for, after a violent fit of coughing and handkerchiefs in his vicinity, the flow of books from his seat to mine ceased. I regret to say that Tulipene Ennis, who understands the treatment and ought to have known better, was also taken with a fit of coughing and handkerchiefs and in so short an interval after Mr. Beamer's attack as to create worry lest it might be a contagious disease that would attack others in the vicinity, possibly myself. Otherwise I was left to enjoy the lecture in peaceful and far-away contemplation, as was only proper for a person who was being lectured to on distant and pleasing topics.

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CHAPTER XII.

FINAL AND INDISPUTABLE TRIUMPH OF
THE NEW SYSTEM.

WE went to the theater last night—Tulipene and I. A friend of the sort that look for appropriate presents, hearing that the principal character in the play (villain or hero, I do not yet know which) was a deaf man, sent me tickets, thinking that I would appreciate the plot.

It was only a farce and a stupid one at that. In the principal scene the deaf man proposes to the heroine and then plunges into an agony of doubt as to whether she has answered "Yes" or "No." While he sits with his hands over

his eyes, buried in despair, she dances around him with a megaphone trying to say "Yes" loud enough for him to hear. I forget how they finally settled it, but the man who wrote that farce was no deaf man or he would never have libeled us in that way. Why didn't the idiot cable her if he hadn't learned to hear any better than that?

I did not enjoy the thing very much and Tulipene looked more thoughtful than amused as, on our way home, I expressed my views very plainly about the stupidity of the idea. In this Tulipene fully coincided, showing a penetration into the situation that was surprising for one whose hearing has been under control for so short a time. According to Tulipene, the man had no business proposing unless he had some prospect of a

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favorable answer, and having that, was rather faint-hearted to give up so early. "Why didn't he go right ahead, regardless of what she happened to be saying. Even if she did say 'No' at first, if he had persisted for five minutes she might have relented and forgotten all about it. Any unfortunate could have heard her say 'No,' while to him alone was given the privilege of not hearing her say 'No,'" and he did not know enough to utilize it."

.
"H'm? H'm? Him alone—eh?"

.
"Well, I got her."

"Got whom? do you ask? Why, Tulipene, of course!"

As Tulipene won't tell, I don't know yet what she said at first, but it may

have been more than five minutes before it seemed safe not to go ahead. Those are mere details, of course. When called on to explain certain obscurities in her dramatic criticism that were developed in the light of actual experience, Tulipene retorts that there was so little proposal and so much going ahead, that I might break the engagement and propose over again if I wish to hear too much.

And, in deciding to suppress these notes, she says: "You will have every good-for-nothing bachelor in the country shamming deafness and getting married."

Look out for them.

THE END.

OAKWOOD

(A NOVEL)

BY

AGNES L. PRATT



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